Half Of Me

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/37232236.

Rating:
Explicit

Archive Warning:
Graphic Depictions Of Violence, No Archive Warnings Apply

Category:
M/M

Fandom:
Harry Potter - J. K. Rowling

Relationship:
Draco Malfoy/Harry Potter, Ron Weasley/Blaise Zabini, Hermione Granger/Pansy Parkinson

Character:
Draco Malfoy, Harry Potter, Ron Weasley, Hermione Granger, Pansy Parkinson

Additional Tags:
Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics, Omega Verse, Alpha/Omega, Alpha Harry Potter, Omega Draco Malfoy, Post-War, Post-Hogwarts, Auror Harry Potter, Healer Draco Malfoy, Heavy Angst, Kidnapping, Kidnapped Draco Malfoy, Angst with a Happy Ending, Angst and Fluff and Smut, Possessive Harry Potter, Protective Harry Potter, Feral Behavior, harry loves draco dearly, Established Draco Malfoy/Harry Potter, Blood and Violence, Attempted Sexual Assault, it failed so dont worry, Mpreg, Biting, Scent Kink, Shameless Smut, Rimming, Anal Sex, Anal Fingering, Body Worship, Hung Harry Potter, Explicit Sexual Content, Knotting, Character Death, not main, Other Additional Tags to Be Added, Soul Bond, True Mates

Language:
English

Series:
Part 1 of Omegaverse

Stats:
Published: 2022-02-19 Completed: 2022-02-22 Words: 23,704

Chapters: 7/7

Half Of Me

by melanie_bxx

Summary

When Draco is kidnapped, Harry descends into a pit of fury and vengeance, driven by an insatiable need to save his mate. And the Alpha would go to any length to get his Omega back into his arms, *anything*.

Notes

My first official omegaverse fic for Harry Potter fandom, though I've read a lot, surprisingly I've never written about them, which is a shame that I'll make up for from now. Expect a prequel and sequel to this story with more of Drarry and other ships included in here!
As usual, unbeta and I'll update a chapter soon!
Enjoy!

See the end of the work for more notes

Chapter 1

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

December 8th, 2007

Draco picked up his robes and got off his chair, preparing to leave the hospital. He was the last one tonight, since Padma had left first due to her family emergency. He opened the door, surprised when he saw a lanky, young boy sitting in the hallway of St. Mungo's. He was crouching down with his hood covering his head, and he was holding his stomach. It didn't look good.

"Hello," he said, and the boy looked up at him, his eyes were teary. "Teddy? What are you doing here? Are you all right?"

"Er, yes," Teddy said, worrying his lower lip, "actually, no, no. I don't think I am."

"Come in, please," Draco asked, gesturing with his hand and opening the door wider. Teddy, his cousin, swallowed vividly and nodded, entering the room.

"Thank you, Draco," the Omega said gingerly, sitting on one side of an empty bed with his legs dangling a bit off the ground. He pushed his hood back and revealed his black hair, just like Sirius's. He was Remus and Sirius's child, only two years younger than Draco. He'd often visit Teddy as the boy lived with Andromeda, ever since both his parents died in the battle of Hogwarts. He needed comfort, it was hard enough for him to lose his family after the war.

“Teddy,” Draco said, a soft smile on his lips. It wasn’t his first time examining Omegas here, who always seemed so sketchy and on edge. However, Teddy was different, Teddy was his cousin. “May I ask why you’re here at this time? It really isn’t safe for us Omegas to wander in the street alone at this hour.” He pulled out his wand and sighed. It must have been an emergency for Teddy to come here. The boy remained quiet, a blush rising on his cheeks and he was fidgeting with his fingers. Draco noticed it right away. “Teddy, do you want me to check if you’re pregnant?”

Teddy looked up at him with wide eyes, unblinking. “How-how do you know?”

“It’s an instinct,” Draco said, smiling, “please, lie down, Teddy. It’ll be a quick exam. You have nothing to worry about.”

“Okay…okay,” Teddy said, lying down on the bed and staring up at the white ceiling. He pulled up his white shirt, showing his stomach with trembling hands. “I-I wasn’t sure, so I…”

“It’s okay, Teddy, I know,” Draco said, flicking his wand and murmuring a quiet spell, aiming it at the boy’s belly. “I hope I’m not being too forward, but why are you here alone, Teddy? Where’s Charlie?”

“I-I didn’t call him, I want to be certain first. He’s…he’s in Romania,” Teddy said, but his eyes deceived his tone when a tear rolled down his rosy cheek, which stirred a sense of curiosity from Draco.

Charlie Weasley and Teddy had been an item for more than two years now, when Teddy had developed a crush for the older Alpha after attending way too many lunches and dinners at the Burrow. Teddy had been twenty-three years old back then, so there’d been resistance at first, from the Alpha’s side, since he knew there was a ten years gap

between them, but the Omega wore him down gradually. Andromeda hadn't approved of it in the beginning, thinking Charlie had taken advantage of Teddy, but they'd proved everyone wrong with their steady relationship.

"Well, you two have bonded, Teddy, the least you could do is give him a call," Draco said, taking a deep breath in and pulling Teddy's shirt back down. The boy sat up again, looking at Draco, his eyes pleading for an answer. "When did you last do it, Teddy?"

"Two…two months ago, just before he left for Romania," Teddy said, his hand holding his stomach again. Draco was sure he knew the answer himself. "But I wasn't in heat, I didn't know that I…so I didn't take suppressants."

"Oh, Teddy," Draco said, his lips pressed together as he stroked Teddy's hair softly. "The chance of getting pregnant when you're not in heat is rare, but it still happens."

"So, am I?" Teddy looked at him, with his eyes green, gentle like Remus's.

"Yes, darling, you're pregnant, for two months now, and the pup is healthy," Draco said, and instead of the reaction he had hoped Teddy would show. The young man buried his face in his hands, seemingly disappointed by the result. "Teddy, is something wrong? Do you not want to have a pup?"

"No, I do, I do," he said, looking up at Draco again, the tears had returned to his eyes. "I just…I'm worried Charlie won't want one."

"You're just saying nonsense, Teddy," Draco said, offering comfort by rubbing circles on Teddy's back in a soothing manner. "Charlie will

love your pup, you'll just have to call him first. You're going to tell him, right?"

"Y-yeah, I should." Teddy nodded, jumping off the bed and smiling at Draco. "Thank you, Draco."

"It's the least I could do, for family," Draco said, guiding him out of the room. "I'll take you to the Apparition point together."

"You don't have to, really."

"No, please, I insist. We're family." Draco held up his hand and summoned his robes and bag, walking out of the hospital with Teddy alongside him. "And it's dangerous for a pregnant Omega to go anywhere alone. I suggest that you need constant protection now. Call Charlie, I'm sure he'll have no problem coming back in a second."

"Was…was Harry also protective of you when you…" Teddy asked as they both walked out into the street. It was winter, there was no snow, not yet, and Draco shivered slightly when the icy wind hit him. He walked down the empty road, finding his way to the Apparition point.

"Yes, *extremely*," Draco said, smiling when he thought of Harry. His husband, the father of their child, his *Alpha*. When he was pregnant with little Jamie, Harry had been at his most protective mode, always taking care of Draco, even with the smallest tasks. Draco was never not happy being with Harry. "Every Alpha is, when it comes to their bonded mate. You don't have to worry about a thing, Teddy."

"Thank you," Teddy said, "okay, yeah, I'll just call him."

“That would be best,” Draco said, his nostril flaring a bit when he felt a gust of wind passing by. The hair on his arms stood up, and he swallowed, ignoring the wary feeling. “Here we are.” He gestured to the Apparition Point and let Teddy walk in first. “Be safe, Teddy.”

“I will. Bye, Draco,” Teddy said, waving his hand at him and disappearing quickly, leaving him alone.

Draco looked up when the light of the street flickered above him, he furrowed his eyebrows and heard a small ‘*pop’* sound behind him. Draco quickly grabbed his wand in his hand, a wave of uneasiness rose in him.

“*Expelliarmus!*” Draco spun around and aimed his wand at the dark figure behind him. Their wand flew back in the air, clattering against the street. He heard a low rumbling laugh as the person finally came into the light.

“Now, do you think that it would be *that* easy?”

Carrow, Amycus Carrow was standing right in front of him in the flesh. Before Draco could shout for help, he was attacked from behind, his body was held tightly by a hairy pair of arms. It was all so familiar.

“*Greyback,”* Draco grunted out the words, using all his strength to struggle his way out but the werewolf was stronger than him. He could feel Greyback’s hair close to his face, the monster’s fangs grazing at his neck. “*Don’t fucking touch me!”* he spat out loudly, hearing both of them laughing louder, his wand had fallen out of his grip and his body was lifted off the ground.

“Quiet, now, little Omega,” Amycus cooed as he approached Draco, tilting his head up by his chin and the blond jerked away, thrashing

his legs in the air. “Shut up, or you’re going to die before your *dear* Alpha could find you.”

The Death Eater raised a small knife from his hand and Draco hissed loudly as the knife drew a cut over his left cheek. He heaved heavily, glaring at the man before him. “A little something for him.” He let the blood-filled knife drop to the ground next to Draco’s wand and cackled loudly. “Let’s go,” Amycus spoke firmly and the next thing he knew, he was in some type of dark room. Greyback only let him go to push him inside it, cracking his knuckles as Draco fell on the dirty, damp ground.

“You disgusting rat! Let me out of here!” Draco was back on his feet, and he shouted at Greyback. However, the door was slammed at his face. Draco looked around the room, observing the structure. This was possibly an old Manor, based on the walls around him, he was in the dungeon. No windows, the door was sealed shut with magic. Draco touched it and yanked his hand away with a loud hiss when he felt like he was being electrocuted.

He roamed the small room, sighing as he slid down in the corner, drawing his knees close to his chest. He could feel the sting on his cheek, there was still blood dripping down his skin, but he couldn’t do much without his wand. Draco dabbed the blood with the sleeve of his robes, flinching slightly when he grazed over the wound. He could feel his eyes filled with tears, but he blinked them away. He could not be weak right now, he had to find a way back.

*

“Jamie, your papa will be home soon.” Harry rushed over to his crying son’s bed with his hands full of bedtime storybooks, but Jamie

shook his head frantically. He looked over at the clock on the wall and he felt worries crashing inside him. It was late already, Draco should be home by now.

"*I want papa!"* Jamie fussed, hot tears rolling from his eyes down to his flushed cheeks. Draco was always the one to read stories to their pup before his sleep, since Jamie had explained to them both that Draco had a softer voice, which Harry could not deny, the Alpha truly didn't have a knack for storytelling.

"I know, sweetie," he said, pulling the blanket up to his son's stomach and wiping the tears off his face with his hand.

"*Harry! Are you here?"* Harry stood up when he heard Ron's voice. It was an emergency, he could sense it from Ron's tone.

"Stay here for a while, honey, I'll be back," he said, ruffling Jamie's blond hair and feeling a small ache tugging at his chest before getting out of the bedroom.

Ron was there, breathing heavily while he was still in his Auror robes. "Ron, what's wrong?"

"I…" Ron stuttered, his eyes sending Harry a guilty look. "Draco-…"

"Draco? What's wrong with Draco?" Harry stepped forward, his heart speeding up at the name of his mate. "Ron, tell me. What's going on?"

"He's missing," Ron finally spoke up. Harry stilled in his spot, staring at his best friend and sucking a sharp breath as his heart seemed to stop beating. He was rendered speechless until Ron continued, "We

found his wand on the street right outside of St. Mungo's, and…and a knife with blood on. We think it's his blood, you're the one who can scent it."

Ron gave Harry the wand in his hand, Draco's wand. He held it tightly, his breath shuddering when he thought of what Draco had gone through. "We also found his bag, that's it. No witness, nothing, I think he's kidnapped."

"Give me that," Harry asked for the bloody knife in his hand and Ron handed it to him. He eyed the knife carefully, there was a Latin sentence carved in the handle, it looked old. When he brought the knife close to his nose, Draco's scent filled his nostril and he balled his hands into fists, enraged by the situation.

His mate was kidnapped, and injured right now. It was Harry's fault, he should have picked Draco up, he would always pick Draco up from his work, but today Jamie had been too fussy coming back from the Burrow, and Draco had told him to stay back and wait for him to return. And he didn't, he had gone missing.

"Harry, you need to calm down first, you know that. Or else you might not be included in the mission," Ron said with a hand on his shoulder, trying his best to comfort him, but he couldn't stop thinking of where Draco could be right now, what he could be doing. Was he suffering? Was he abused? Harry felt the ache in his chest again, wincing at the pain, Draco was hurt, that he knew. "We will find Draco, I know it."

"*Fuck,* okay, we'll go to the Ministry," Harry groaned, grabbing his robes from the back of the couch and noticing the bedroom in the hallway. "James, I forgot about that." There was too much in his mind, he needed someone to take care of Jamie, he needed to find Draco.

“I’ve called Pansy and Hermione,” the Omega said, and he nodded, he was glad Ron had thought of that for him. “They’ll be here soon, don’t worry. Go to the office first, Neville is there already, I will wait here for the girls.”

“Okay, okay…thank you, Ron,” he said as Ron tapped at his back, pressing his lips in a thin line.

Harry stumbled into the Floo to quickly get to the Ministry. He rushed to the Auror Department, seeing Neville standing in front of the door with a worried look. “Neville.”

“Harry, you’re here,” Neville breathed out, opening the door in and leading him to his table. “These are the pictures of the scene.” He pointed to the stilled pictures of the street, the knife and Draco’s bag. Harry forced himself to stand upright, to not fall on his knees and he hoped he won’t have to kill anyone to save Draco because he might just do that. Every fibre in him was screaming for his mate, for his husband, and to save him. “Penelope said the knife must belong to one of the Death Eaters. So it must be them that kidnapped Draco.”

“How many Death Eaters are there? Those have not died yet from the war or imprisoned?” he asked, his hand holding up a picture of Draco’s belongings. Only Voldemort died in the war, and the rest either ran away or had been locked up in Azkaban since. Though the latter was rare, some had even escaped.

“Thirteen,” the Beta said quietly next to him, as if he was afraid Harry would explode. “Penelope is getting a list of their names right now, we have to find their locations as well.”

“We will find each and every one of them,” Harry murmured, he would go to the bottom of this bloody world if it meant he could find Draco again. His heart throbbed and he steadied his breath, he wanted

to stay calm, it was just too hard. Just the thought of being separated from Draco made his whole body burn with the need to be close to him again. He'd never thought something like this would happen to them, and he'd find out who it was that took Draco, and he'd kill him.

*

Harry waited outside patiently, his arms crossed before his chest. He couldn't rest his eyes for a second since he found out Draco had been going missing. In the morning, Teddy had come to the Ministry when he heard the news and had confessed that he was the last person to see Draco. Neville and Penelope had been interrogating him since, to get more information, and his memory, if he let them.

The door was opened, and Teddy walked out, a frown across his lips. "I'm sorry, Harry," his voice was quiet, and Harry shook his head. "I couldn't help much."

"No, it's not your fault," Harry said, accepting the hug that Teddy gave him. "You should return." He broke away from the embrace and Teddy nodded, walking the other way as Harry let out a sigh.

"How are you holding up?" Harry turned around when he saw Ron, with a fresh cup of coffee in his hand. "Have some coffee. I know you didn't sleep at all last night."

"How can I?" Harry held onto the cup, almost too tightly that it spilt over the edge, burning his skin just a bit, but it was nothing compared to the pain he was feeling in his chest since last night.

“We are able to locate half of them, we’re still trying to find the rest. It’s hard, they’ve gone in hiding mostly after the war,” Ron said, handing Harry the file. Harry flipped it open, watching the faces of Death Eaters he had once fought again, a snarl tempted to appear on his lips. “Harry.”

“Yeah?”

“You need to take a rest,” Ron said, attempting to take the file back but Harry was clutching on it tighter. “You haven’t slept at all.”

“I don’t need sleep.”

“You can’t find Draco with no energy!” Ron exclaimed, snatching the file from his hands finally. Even for an Omega, Ron’s strength was better than most. “You have to take at least one hour of sleep.”

“I can’t.”

“Okay, you know what?” Ron said, sighing, “You should go home, bring Jamie to Draco’s parents. They haven’t heard the news. You need to tell them, have them babysit Jamie, then you can go find Draco. Does that sound good?”

“Ron-…”

“Harry, if you don’t listen, you know who I’m going to call,” Ron said, squinting his eyes and nodding when Harry realised who he was talking about. “Yeah, I’m going to call the Minister for Magic, and she’s going to have you out of the mission if you’re being stubborn.”

“You can’t just threaten me with Hermione being the Minister for Magic, Ron.”

“Oh, well, would you look at that? I already am. And as always, Hermione’s going to kick your arse if you don’t listen, Harry,” Ron said, Harry knew he was only looking after Harry like he always had, since they were like brothers, but he couldn’t stop thinking about Draco. “I know it’s hard. But I know Draco won’t want you looking for him when you look like you’re about to die yourself too. Do you think he enjoys seeing you like this?”

Harry thought about what Ron was trying to tell him and sighed exasperatedly. He was right. He could see the worried look Draco always had whenever Harry forgot to take care of himself, and through their bond, he didn’t want Draco to feel his exhaustion as well. “All right,” he said, and Ron flashed him a soft smile.

“Okay, that’s good, I didn’t have to pull out the big guns,” Ron said, smacking Harry’s back and guiding him to the lift. “You know I also hate it when we have to drag Hermione in. She’ll scold us both.”

Harry huffed out a laugh, the first that he’d had for the last twelve hours. Ron pushed him into the lift and pressed the button for him. “Go back home, change your clothes, take care of Jamie, sleep for an hour or two, I’ll go to your place to pick you up after. Then we will go, sounds good?”

“Yeah, okay,” Harry said, and Ron gave him a curt nod as the door to the lift closed. He slipped in the inside pocket of his chest and pulled out a small picture, smiling when he saw Draco again. It was a picture of Draco that Harry had taken just a year ago, when his Omega had been trying to cook again, but it had failed miserably. Draco had had pancake batter on his nose, and he was smiling brightly in the picture, with his long hair tied up in a messy bun, and he was wearing Harry’s

apron.

Harry brushed his thumb over Draco's face, swallowing the lump in his throat and ignoring the twinge in his chest that was still there, never stopping. Draco was hurt, but he was still alive. "I'll find you, I promise," he whispered and pressed the picture to his chest, feeling their bond through his heart. He would save Draco, and that was a promise he intended to keep.

*

"How long am I going to stay with grandpa and Grammy, daddy?" Jamie asked as they walked to the threshold of the Malfoy Manor. Harry knocked on it twice, waiting for an answer. He hadn't told Jamie what happened yet, and he didn't know where to even start. "Where's papa?"

"Papa is…he will be back soon, Jamie. You stay here with your grandparents for a while, okay?" Harry kneeled on one knee and smiled, stroking Jamie's hair as the door opened.

"Grammy!"

"Jamie!" Narcissa said, smiling as Jamie lunged at her, wrapping his little hands around her waist. "What are you doing here?"

"Narcissa," Harry said, standing back on his feet and exhaling. "I have to tell you about something." Narcissa seemed to have picked up his tone, and she nodded, letting him in the Manor with Jamie still

clutching on her.

"Who's that at the door, Cissy?" Lucius's voice echoed from the living room, and Harry wasn't sure how to tell them either.

"Jamie, why don't you go play in the garden, I'll come to play with you in a minute," Narcissa said, cupping Jamie's face tenderly. "I'll make you your favourite snack too."

"Thank you, Grammy!" Jamie squeaked, rushing out of the door again and Harry followed Narcissa into the living room. Lucius was sitting on the couch with a thick book in his hands. He looked up and placed the book down, surprised by the visit.

"Harry, what are you doing here? Is Jamie here as well?"

"Hi, grandpa!" Lucius looked to the side, beaming when he saw Jamie press his face on the window, yelling loudly through the glass.

"I have something to tell you two," Harry said, taking the spot on the couch before his in-laws. "It's about Draco."

"What is it? Is there something wrong with our son?"

"He's…he's gone missing," Harry said, and Lucius dropped the book from his hands. Narcissa was wide-eyed as well, her teacup she was holding earlier had shattered on the ground. "Last night, he was kidnapped, it seemed. And we're suspecting that one of the Death Eaters is behind this."

“Death Eaters?” Lucius exclaimed, drawing in a sharp breath as Narcissa placed a hand on his, calming the Omega down. “A Death Eater has kidnapped my son? How is this possible?”

“Is he…alive?” Narcissa asked softly, her hands trembling on top of Lucius’s. “Can you…feel him?”

Harry gulped, he could still feel Draco. He was there, the soul bond they had for each other was the only thing that was helping Harry stay calm. He could feel everything Draco was feeling, and it hurt him even more because of that. “Yes, he’s still alive. I can still feel him.”

“How is the investigation going? Is there any clue?”

“We haven’t been able to locate some of the Death Eaters,” Harry said, answering Narcissa’s question while remaining in his posture. Lucius was fuming next to her, Harry could feel that the old Omega was anxious about his son, but his Alpha was right there, and she was consoling him with just her touch. “When I return, I’ll find them. I was hoping you’d take care of Jamie while I look for Draco. I-I can’t…”

“We understand,” Narcissa said, giving him a nod, “We’ll take care of Jamie until you can find our son. Until then, we’ll try our best to help you too.”

“Yes, we can help you, give me the list of the Death Eaters,” Lucius said, his voice frantic, full of worries. “I can find where some of them stay, I have good sources.”

“Thank you.”

“Anything to help you find our son,” Narcissa said, and Harry glanced at the window, watching Jamie playing with the white peacocks in the garden. He’d bring his mate back, he had to.

Chapter End Notes

A little backstory I changed: Remus and Sirius bonded and had Teddy in 1982, hence Teddy is younger than Harry and Draco by two years.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

Feral Alpha!Harry is just *chef's kiss*

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"*Alohomora*," Draco said, groaning in frustration when the door only jiggled slightly. He wasn't good with his wandless spells, he wished he had. He didn't get to sleep much since the floor was too damp and hard. He was in constant pain when the bond ached in his chest. He knew Harry was searching for him, desperately. *"Expecto Patronum!"* Draco tried again, watching the small silvery light sparkled in thin air before him, it crackled and disappeared just as quickly.

When the door was slammed open, Draco jolted and turned to see Greyback entering the room. He slid a tray of food across the floor, and it hit Draco's feet, splattering over the ground.

"And here I thought you weren't that merciful, Greyback," he said, glancing at the tray with just bread and water in. It was the bare minimum.

"Shut up, Omega, or I might just be that," Greyback spatted, his fangs showing when Draco smirked at him.

"The least you can do is give me some light too," Draco said, folding his arms over his chest, looking around the shadowy room. The light was outside of the door, where Greyback was blocking it, but the room was almost fully dark when it was shut, with just a hint of light from underneath the door. "I can barely see anything here. I might as well go blind."

Greyback growled at him before slamming the door close again. Draco

huffed, settling down before his tray, picking up the piece of bread and exhaling softly. It would all be fine, he reminded himself.

*

Draco didn't think his words had succeeded until Carrow returned a day after to put a candle in his room. It wasn't much, but at least he could see something here. He brushed his hand over the flame, feeling the heat from it. He was also freezing, it was still December, and since he had no more robes or a wand to cast a spell on himself, he had to put up with it. It'd been two days, and so far, Draco hadn't been able to find out where he was. He could only assume it was Carrow's Manor, or a place he had stolen from an unfortunate owner.

Draco looked at the watch on his wrist, the one thing that was keeping him sane by knowing what time it was right now. It was close to six at night, and they'd bring dinner here soon. Draco grabbed the candle in his hand and stood on the side of the door, waiting patiently. He had to get out himself.

The door opened, and Draco took a silent breath in. He glanced at the hairy feet on the ground, knowing who it was immediately.

"Where the hell-…" Draco jumped from behind the door, jabbing the burning candle at Greyback's eye as the Werewolf howled in pain. *"Fucking Omega!"*

Draco was closed to escaping the room when he was snatched back by the hairy arms around his body. Greyback flung him back into the room and Draco hissed when his head hit the stonewall. *"You're fucking dead!"* Greyback howled, his hand covering his right eye as he

approached Draco.

"Go to hell!" Draco snapped, spitting at Greyback's face as he was yanked up by his collar. When the strike came, Draco had expected it, but he hadn't known how painful it would be. He fell back on his arse when Greyback dropped him, his cheek swollen and burning. Greyback stepped forward and stood there above him, his eyes flashing with the desire to kill.

"Stop." Draco glanced at the door, where Carrow was standing with his hand wrapped tightly around his wand. "You can't kill him."

"He fucking stabbed me in the eye with the candle," Greyback barked, blood dripping out of the corner of his eye and Draco felt a surge of pride running through him. He'd done that. He'd managed to injure Greyback.

"You *can't* kill him, and that is an *order,* Fenrir," Carrow spatted, harder this time, his eyes flaring with annoyance. "We have to keep him alive, it is our only chance."

Greyback grumbled, walking away like a hurt dog and following Carrow out of the room. Draco sat up, leaning back on the wall and holding his stinging cheek with his hand, trembling slightly. They couldn't kill Draco, there was an ulterior motive behind this. They didn't just want to kill Draco, or to use him as bait for his Alpha's life, no, this was different. And he needed to find out what they were after.

*

Harry shoved the guy roughly against the wall, grunting at the bloody face before him and lifting the guy higher. His quivering didn't mean anything to Harry. "*Tell me where my mate is,"* he growled, his wand digging into the Death Eater's neck. If he dug it in harder, he believed it would break through the flesh. "*Tell me where Draco is!"*

The guy cried in fear, thrashing his feet in the air with his hands around Harry's, begging to be released. "*I don't know! I don't know who your mate is!"*

"*Don't you think I'd notice you anywhere?"* he snarled, his fangs showing as he pressed the wand harder into the throbbing pulse of the Beta. "*I could sense your disgusting stench from a mile away, Yaxley,"* he roared, desperate to find any trace of Draco. "*So you better tell me now before I rip your throat out with my bare hands."* He knew how brutal he sounded right now, but he wasn't joking about it. He was determined to find Draco by any means at all.

"*I swear—I swear I don't know where he is!"*

"*All clear!"* Ron rushed down the staircase after he had done a thorough inspection of Yaxley's Manor, followed by a few Aurors behind him. "Draco isn't here."

"*I told—I told you,"* Yaxley grunted, his mouth still trickling blood down his chin and Harry let him down on the ground. It was a mere second before he threw a hook that landed perfectly on Yaxley's jaw and knocked him unconscious on the ground. Harry stared at the body and kicked at his leg, making sure he wouldn't be up for a while.

"Take him in."

"But he doesn't—…"

"*Take him in,"* Harry barked loudly, startling every other Auror that was standing there. He exhaled and looked at them, some had their shoulders slouched and didn't meet his eyes. "I apologise. Just take him in. He's a bad person, there's no reason to let him roam free, not anymore."

Harry stalked out of the Manor, irritation filled his stomach, and he hadn't even noticed it was raining. He couldn't bring himself to cast any spell, and his mind wandered to his mate instantly, about how lonesome it must be for Draco right now. It had been two Death Eaters so far, and he still hadn't found his Omega. His patience was wearing out the more time he spent without Draco. When he heard footsteps, he didn't stop walking. "I'm fine, Ron."

"You're not! Merlin's fuck, cast a spell, Harry!" Ron said in a clear worried tone and grabbed at Harry's shoulder, pulling him back. Harry knew Ron was scared for Draco too since they were friends, but he wouldn't understand how Harry felt now, he couldn't even if he wanted to. Ron waved his wand, murmuring a spell as the rain stopped falling on Harry's drenched robes. "You're in this too deep, you're involved. Do you think—…"

"*I will not rest until I find Draco and that is it, Ron!"* Harry had his hands balled in fists, and he had a feeling he might have lashed out a bit too harsh again, Ron's stunned face proved it right, but he couldn't control it. "I'm sorry, I just…" He winced, feeling the ache in his chest again and he knew Draco was in pain. "It hurts, Ron, to know that he is in pain but I'm not there to help him. It hurts to know that he's so scared and lost and locked up somewhere we don't know. And I want to save him, he's everything to me, I just can't—…"

His voice faltered and Ron pulled him in a hug, squeezing him tight. Harry couldn't stop thinking about Draco. He thought about him every second of the day, he couldn't live without him. And just the thought that Draco might…not be with him anymore was more painful than any wound he had ever dealt with. The pain of losing Draco was

killing him more than he imagined. And he wanted to find Draco again, bring Draco back to safety, and they could be together again.

“We will find him, you know that,” Ron said, even though they didn’t know for sure, it was the only thing Ron could say at this moment, and Harry forced himself to believe it.

*

It was raining when Draco woke up again, it hadn’t stopped since last night. He glanced at the raindrops leaking into the room through the corner and sighed, it had been a while since he was able to see the sunlight, his Alpha and their son. Draco missed them dearly. He stood up, almost tripping on himself when a wave of dizziness hit him, he staggered back to lean against the wall, shutting his eyes when the headache came back again. He’d had the most painful headache since last morning, and it didn’t stop for a while, not until he slept it off.

Draco shrugged off the feeling and looked at the door when it was opened. Greyback was back again with a tray in his hand, it was the same thing every time. His right eye was bandaged now, making him look even more repulsive than before. When Greyback pushed the tray of food across the floor, Draco decided to get a story out of him.

“What’s your deal?”

“What?” Greyback snarled, his nostrils flaring as he glared at Draco.

“I mean, why are you capturing me if you’re not going to kill me?” he asked, folding his arms together as he watched Greyback’s hands turn into fists. “There must be a story behind this. Why are you two doing this?”

“None of your fucking business, *Omega.”* His voice was cruel and belittling, like Draco was something that he felt disgusted forward.

“Is this because little Alecto is still in Azkaban?” Draco asked, and when Greyback’s eyes flashed with something in the dark, he knew he had guessed it right. “Because she’s going to receive the infamous *kiss* soon? That’s why you took me? To make a trade for her?”

Greyback didn’t say a word, only letting the low rumbles out of his throat before he slammed the door shut, but the way he had flinched before that had proved more. So it was about Alecto, Amycus’s dear sister. A life for a life. They were making a bargain in hopes that Harry would do it to save Draco, but he knew Harry would always find a different way.

Draco settled back down on the floor again and picked up the bread from the tray. When he brought it to his lips, Draco grimaced, scrunching up his nose at the smell and feeling his stomach twist inside him. He covered his mouth, throwing the piece of bread away as he rushed to the corner of the room. He gagged, throwing everything he had eaten the previous night out into the floor. Draco hugged his stomach, wincing at the sight. What was in that fucking bread?

He walked back to his spot and took a sip of the water in the goblet instead, he’d had enough of bread for today. The pounding in his head hadn’t stopped either, Draco clutched on the clothes over his chest and felt his throbbing heart, beating loudly, it must be the soul bond between him and Harry. They had been separated for four days now,

it was the longest it had ever been, and it was hurting him more than he could ever say. It was still raining hard outside, but even the loud thunders couldn’t draw his mind from thinking about his Alpha.

Chapter End Notes

I don't describe Omegas as completely weak and fragile here, they can still very much defense against Alpha when they want to. Plus, Greyback is a Beta here so kudos to Draco stabbing the mf!

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

> TW: Graphic depiction of violence, blood, (failed) attempt at sexual assault.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Harry stepped into the dark hallway, listening to the rain mixing with the murmurings of people from the cells on either side of the floor, and the sounds of rats running around. It'd been only five days, yet it felt like an eternity without Draco, and Harry had never felt so lost. The Aurors hadn't been able to locate the other five Death Eaters, they were well in hiding, and that was why they had resulted to doing this.

"Ready?" Ron asked, standing next to him and Harry nodded. Ron gestured with his hand at the guard, and the man unlocked the door with his wand. They both entered the room, seeing a figure sitting on the bed, looking out at the gloomy sky outside the barred window.

"Must be desperate of you to find me," the woman spoke up, turning to look at them with a crooked, vicious smile. "Aurors asking Death Eaters for help? What a step down for you fools."

Ron stepped forward and blocked Harry with his arm before he jumped at the woman. "Carrow," Ron said carefully, his voice sturdy as he faced the Death Eater. "Do you have any information on your brother?"

"Right to the point, are we?" Alecto Carrow laughed, her tone high and screechy. She was dressed in grey clothes, her hair long and already sprinkled with white strands on her head. "Well, let's see. I haven't seen my brother dearest for seven years. Why would you idiotic Aurors even assume that I have a bloody clue where he is?" the Beta spatted, her gold teeth showing behind her chapped lips. "I have better expectations for you imbeciles; however, I am certainly having

second thoughts about your intellect."

Ron sucked in a sharp breath and exhaled, turning to the door, not forgetting to drag Harry out of the cell. They stopped at another door and the guard unlocked it again. When they stepped into the room, it reeked of the stench from dead rats. Rabastan Lestrange was standing in the middle of the room, with his back turned to them.

"Words fly fast, do you know that, *Auror* Potter?" the Alpha said, turning around with ease and facing them finally. Harry looked at the thin man in torn clothes before him, anger already building inside his chest, threatening to explode. "I heard your precious little Omega finally got kidnapped. Such a shame, whoever it was that took him, should have killed him right away."

"Watch your mouth, Lestrange," Harry growled, his nostrils flaring, and his body was ready to attack.

"Do you know where your brother, Rudolphus is?" Ron asked, still standing next to Harry to calm him down.

Rabastan let out a malicious cackle, stepping forward with his chained hands behind his back, its loud rattle crashed against the ground. "I, unfortunately, do not hold that information. Even if I do, I don't see why I would ever share it with you halfwits," he said, his mouth curving up to form a cruel smirk. Harry's jaws clenched, his patience was thinner than air.

"I suggest you find a new mate, Potter. After all, Omegas are just lowlife sluts, nothing but holes for Alphas like you to use. Yours deserve to die all those years ago in the war already, being the weakling he is. Your whore is better off dea-…"

Harry didn't anticipate it, but his instinct had acted first. His first blow landed on Rabastan's throat, making the Beta stagger back, gagging as Harry's next blow hit his jaws, knocking him down on the floor. Harry's anger boiled inside him, his chest thrummed, prickling on his skin as he took the chance and tackled Rabastan flat on the ground. Every time his fist connected to the Beta's face, more blood splattered out of his nose and mouth.

"Harry-…"

"Stay away!" Harry roared, his voice blaring at Ron, who was attempting to stop him and stepping back instantly.

"It's a shame though," the Alpha underneath Harry rasped, his mouth trickling with blood, the smirk still stretched across his lips, "I would have wished to have a taste of your Omega, he seems delici-…"

He struck more hits at Rabastan's face, stopping him from spitting out more words. There was no ounce of compassion in Harry. There was none left for the scum. The Beta was clawing on his arms, gasping for air and thrashing underneath him. His mind was growling inside, commanding him to do everything to protect his mate. His heart throbbed in his chest, the bond was tugging at him, telling him that Draco was in danger. And he turned more aggressive by the seconds.

Blow after blow, Harry didn't stop until all he saw was red. Rabastan had gone limped under him. He was no longer moving, his chained hands had stopped clutching on Harry's robes, and the smirk had disappeared on his lips, his face now covered with blood and nothing but blood.

Harry heaved, standing up and glancing at the lifeless body next to his feet. He'd wanted to feel guilty, even just a little bit, but he felt nothing. He met Ron's eyes, his best friend was looking at him, not

with fear, but worries.

“I didn’t kill him,” he said, clarifying as he gestured at the body. Rabastan’s finger twitched, and Ron let out a sigh of relief. Harry walked past him and left the cell, cleaning the fresh red blood off his hands.

“Harry, hold up,” Ron said, rushing after him until he matched his pace. “Do you want to talk about what just happened?”

“About how that Death Eater was insulting my mate?” Harry asked, huffing out a dry laugh, “Yeah, let’s talk about that.”

“I know that, but you could have killed him.”

“I didn’t, isn’t that the point?” Harry said, and Ron was quiet after that, finding no argument to his reason. The silence remained until they were out of Azkaban.

“Honestly, if you hadn’t done it, I would have, too,” Ron said, and Harry chuckled, genuinely as his best friend cast a spell above them to block the rain away again. “That scumbag was talking shit.” Ron laughed, smacking Harry’s back and he continued, “but…er, you should know, Harry.”

“What?”

“Your eyes,” Ron said, looking at him with his brows furrowed, “when you did it, it was glowing red, like…very red. It was practically shining in the dark.”

Harry stopped dead in his tracks and stared at Ron. It couldn't be. "My eyes have never glowed before."

"I know that," Ron said, nodding as he hummed. "I think, maybe, it could be the effect of the bond, your need to protect Draco."

Harry blinked, absorbing every word Ron was telling him. When that happened, Harry wasn't in control of his actions, and all he could imagine was Draco suffering somewhere, and he wasn't rescuing him. Harry's stomach coiled with a sudden pang of pain, and he placed his hand over it. It felt like their bond was trying to tell him something about Draco just now. It was frustrating for him not knowing what it was.

"Go home, Harry," Ron said, pulling Harry out of his thoughts. "Go home, I'll take care of the rest today."

"But-…"

"No, I'll call Neville, Penelope if I need to, just go, take a rest," Ron said, holding his hand up in the air before Harry could say something. "I know what you're going to say, but I'll do it. You know what? Go visit Jamie, he misses you. You should spend some time with him."

"Okay," Harry said after a while and Ron flashed him a smile. "Thank you, Ron."

"Don't worry about it, we're family," the Omega said, waving his hand and nudging Harry away. "Go, tell Jamie his godfather said hi."

Harry smiled, nodding his head and Apparating away. He landed in front of the Malfoy Manor, Harry took a deep breath and before he could knock on it, it was opened.

"Daddy!" Jamie squealed, jumping up into Harry's arm as he embraced his son tightly. "I miss you and papa," he said, and Harry smiled at him, pressing a kiss on top of his head. His son giggled and ruffled Harry's hair, pushing his cheeks together as he formed a slight frown. "When is papa coming back, daddy?"

Harry looked at Jamie and his heart clenched, he wasn't sure what to tell him, he didn't know it himself. "Jamie…"

"Jamie, I made cookies," Narcissa said from behind, and quickly enough, Jamie wiggled out of Harry's hug, jumping back on his feet and rushing to his grandmother, who was standing with a tray of chocolate cookies in her hands near the living room.

"Thank you, Grammy!" Jamie said, munching on the cookie with a smile on his face.

"It's almost your bedtime, Jamie, are you still having snacks?" Harry asked, his eyebrow lifted with a grin. Jamie pouted, stepping closer to Narcissa and hiding behind the Alpha.

"It's fine, he can eat it," Lucius said, emerging from the living room. "Only three though."

"Five, Grandpa!"

"Seven," Lucius said, crouching down to negotiate with Jamie as his

grandson giggled, nodding his head. "*Deal*!" He shook Jamie's little hand and earned more laughter from him. Harry hadn't known Lucius and Narcissa were such spoiling grandparents, but they were, possibly, the best grandparents Jamie could have.

"Grammy, can daddy tell me a bedtime story tonight?" Jamie asked, tugging at Narcissa's sleeve as the Alpha looked at Harry.

"Of course, Jamie," Narcissa smiled, and Jamie ran to him, wrapping his hand around Harry's arm, pulling him up the staircase. "You can go up, Harry. Jamie will show you his room."

"*Come on,* dad*!"* Jamie called out and Harry chuckled, following his son. Jamie's room was the one next to Draco's childhood bedroom, before he'd moved out. The walls were painted many different colours, almost looking like a room full of rainbows. Jamie dragged him up to the bed as he slipped under the blanket, waiting for Harry to sit down.

"Okay, Jamie, what story do you want to read tonight?" Harry asked, putting the pile of bedtime stories on his lap. "I won't be as good as papa though."

"I know that, daddy," Jamie said, baring a toothy grin on his face. He put his hand on the pile of books, shaking his head. "Daddy, will you tell me about you and papa?"

Harry blinked, looking at his son, who was still smiling at him, he bore so many resemblances to Draco when he was a kid, and it made Harry miss his mate even more. Jamie missed his papa just as much, and he couldn't see him, it was destroying Harry from inside.

"Okay," he said, ruffling Jamie's hair and putting the pile of books

back on the bedside table. He didn't know where to begin, their story had been so complex, with lots of histories between them, of course. He decided to pick one of his most treasured memories, one that was appropriate to tell his son. "Well, once upon a time, on a sunny day, I was fighting dark wizards…"

*

"Oh my god, what the hell happened?" Draco stood up from his chair when Ron barged in through the door with Neville, carrying a limped and bloody Harry in their arms. They placed him on an empty bed and Draco ripped Harry's now red shirt apart, checking for the injury.

"A dark wizard," Ron breathed out, trying his best to find words to say, "he cast a curse on the vase. And when Harry touched it, he just started bleeding. We don't know what curse he used." Neville was using his wand to levitate the vase in the air the whole time, now placing it down on the table next to Harry's bed.

"Do not die on me, Harry!" Draco pleaded, fumbling with his wand and gripping Harry by his chin. "Harry! Do not close your eyes! Stay awake for me!"

"I-I am," Harry muttered weakly, his voice hoarse and he coughed, spluttering more blood out of his mouth. Draco tried to stop the bleeding, his mouth muttering spells nonstop, but it wasn't working.

"What was the curse, Ron?" he asked, watching as more blood flowed out of the cut.

“I don’t know! I don’t know!” Ron said in a frantic voice, “he was speaking in Latin, and you know I failed that bloody subject in Hogwarts!”

“Call Blaise! Now,” Draco demanded, and Ron flinched from the mention of the Alpha.

“Can we not? I mean, I can call someone else.”

“Ron, call him right now!” Draco almost shouted, trying his best to stop the flow of blood but his magic wasn’t helping Harry at all. And Harry’s eyes kept fluttering, close to shutting down entirely. “He’s the best Curse-Breaker here, and I do not know what the hell happened in that stupid room with you and him two weeks ago, but just call him! For fuck’s sake! Call him! Call him now! Your best friend is dying as we speak!”

“Okay! Okay! I’m on it!”

“Neville, call Hermione, we might need her too, please,” he said, and the Beta turned on his heels, marching out of the room just as fast, leaving the two of them in an empty space.

“Harry, don’t-don’t go to sleep, not now.” Draco cupped Harry’s face, forcing the Alpha to keep his eyes open. “Harry, I need you to listen to my voice, do not fucking go into the light!”

“Hmm, I-I’m…not-not.” Harry shook his head, but the blood was still flooding out of the cut, and Draco’s heart only thrummed harder after each second. His hands had turned scarlet as well, trying to hold the blood down. Harry suddenly bared a sad smile, his hand coming up to touch the Omega’s cheek, filling his nostrils with the scent of copper. “I-I guess I can’t ask…ask you out for a-a date now,” he croaked, coughing out more blood

as he heaved, "I-I'm sorry I took so…so long. I-I truly, deeply like you, Dr-Draco Malfoy."

Harry blinked slower, panting for breath as his hand fell from Draco's cheek, going limp. "No, no, don't, I need you to stay alive," Draco begged, tears already stinging his eyes and rolling down his cheeks. He cupped the Alpha's face, his voice broke as he pleaded for him to survive. "Don't do this to me! Harry, please, wait, wait just a while!"

He wept, intertwining their bloody hands together. Harry's eyes were half-closed already, and his breathing had gone weak. "I like you, Harry, I like you too! It's why I came to you that night, Harry, please, listen to my voice." His voice crumbled into a broken string of words and hiccups. "My heart was seeking you that night! I've always loved you, I-I just never thought you'd actually like me back." He pressed his forehead against Harry's, breathing in his warm scent. "Stay with me, Alpha, stay."

"We're here! We're here!" Draco looked up when the door was slammed open again, Hermione and Blaise rushing in alongside Neville and Ron. Blaise didn't hesitate for a second, wand raising in the air as he murmured the incantation at the vase.

"Draco! I need you to pull yourself together!" Hermione said, pulling Draco up on his feet. The Omega shook Draco's shoulders, her voice stern. "You need to stay calm so you can heal him! Do you understand that?"

"Okay! I am! I am!" Draco said, nodding his head frantically.

"I know what it is," Blaise said, turning to look at them, and everyone breathed out a sigh of relief.

*

“And your uncle Blaise told everyone what the curse was, your papa healed me right away. The end,” Harry said, even though his memory was quite blurry that night, he had remembered every single word Draco had said to him. “After I woke up, which was a week, I asked your papa out on a date, and he said yes.”

“Wow, Uncle Blaise is so cool,” Jamie said, his mouth opened in awe.

“Well, who’s cooler, Jamie? Your uncle Blaise, or your daddy, who survived a nasty curse?”

“Uncle Blaise can do so many things,” Jamie said, turning to him, “but you’re still the coolest, dad!”

“*That’s* my boy!” Harry laughed, crouching down to hug Jamie so tightly, he wiggled out of it.

“Goodnight, dad!” Jamie said, and Harry smiled, planting a kiss on his son’s forehead.

“Goodnight, sweetheart,” he said, pulling the blanket up to Jamie’s chest as he turned on his side. Harry got off the bed, turned off the light and exited the room quietly.

When he returned to the first floor, Lucius and Narcissa were already standing near the door.

“Is there any new information, Harry?” Narcissa asked him, and Harry shook his head, noticing the slight frown on the Alpha’s red lips.

Lucius stepped forward with his lips pressed together, and he handed him a folded piece of parchment. “We know you’re struggling, so this is what I managed to find.”

Harry opened the parchment and widened his eyes when he saw five addresses written in it with each name next to it. Five more Death Eaters, all listed here. “Lucius,” he said, looking back at him and Narcissa, “thank you, I can’t believe you could find this.”

“It’s nothing,” Lucius said, “The old man Nott is an easy target, he’s obsessed with Omegas, and I’m willing to do anything to save my son.”

“Draco’s a smart boy,” Narcissa placed her hand on Harry’s shoulder, comforting him, “he can protect himself, and you can save him, Harry. We don’t doubt it.”

“Thank you, so much,” Harry said, gripping the note in his hand and leaving the Malfoy Manor. That night, Harry managed to sleep easier, dreaming about his mate again.

*

Draco clutched on his stomach, which was still twisting and hurting him. He hadn't stopped throwing up every day, in fact, it only got worse. The separation from his Alpha was damaging him more each second. The door creaked open, and Greyback stepped in again, sliding the tray in as usual, and throwing something at Draco's spot.

"What's this?" Draco asked, holding up the torn clothes in his hands.

"It's for you filthy Omega to wear, you keep fucking up this room with your fucking puke," Greyback snarled. Draco ignored it and stood up, staring at the werewolf with a puzzled look.

"What are you standing there for? Are you going to watch me while I change like a creep?"

"Amycus's order, I have to," Greyback paused, clenching his jaws, adding, "take your clothes to fucking clean."

"Just go back later. Are you insane? I'm not going to change in front of you disgusting rat," he snapped, but it'd only ignited Greyback's anger.

"Change it, you whore, or I'm going to fucking do it for you," Greyback spatted, marching to him. Draco only managed a gasp and a step back before he was already pressed flat on his back with Greyback atop him.

"Get off of me, you fucking scum!" Draco yelled, flailing his hands around but he was no match against Greyback. The werewolf tore his clothes apart, forcing his hands on the ground.

“Oh, well, look at that,” Greyback said, his voice turned low as he let out a chuckle, “the Omega bitch has quite the body.” He grazed his hands down Draco’s chest and the Omega cried out, striking a punch that hit Greyback’s jaw instantly. “You fucking *bitch*,” Greyback snarled, wrapping his hairy hand around Draco’s throat, blocking his airway with a squeeze. “I’d wanted to silence you for a while now.”

His smirk widened as he tightened his grip. Draco gagged, trying to suck in more air. “Might as well fuck you Omega whore to shut both of your holes.” He ripped Draco’s trousers away, breaking the fabric with his claws and Draco’s pupils blown wide. Panic rose in his chest, and he kicked Greyback’s hand away, his voice had been restricted to barely a whisper.

“Stay still, you bitch,” Greyback barked, his palm meeting Draco’s cheek with a loud smack and the Omega could taste blood in his mouth.

“Don’t fucking touch me,” he spatted and Greyback laughed before smacking Draco across his cheek again, his skin burning with pain.

Greyback crouched down to scent Draco, and the Omega’s tears trailed down his cheek, thrashing to stop Greyback’s hands away from his exposed body. His nose was close enough to his neck, to his mark, Harry’s mark. When he could feel Greyback’s foul breath against his scent gland, Draco’s heart was screaming, and all he could think of was his Alpha. He wanted his Alpha, not this scum.

Draco’s hands flailed around until he could grab at the glass cup on the tray. He smashed it against the ground, grabbing a large shard and plunging it right into the side of Greyback’s neck. He pulled it out and jabbed it again near the Beta’s pulse point.

The werewolf sputtered, hands coming up to cover the blood that was

splashing out of his neck like a fountain. Draco kicked Greyback away with his legs, recoiling to the corner of the room with the bloody shard in his hands, pointing it at Greyback even though he was trembling himself.

“Don’t you fucking go near me!” he shouted as Greyback staggered back on his feet and out of the room, not before slamming the door closed. Draco sat there, panting heavily and grabbing at the clothes to cover himself. His heart was still thrumming, and he touched Harry’s mark on his neck, weeping uncontrollably while the bond inside him ached. He missed Harry, he missed Harry so fucking much.

Chapter End Notes

> Draco was attacked by Greyback at the same time Harry knocked Rabastan out, explaining the bond between them.

Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

I'm too impatient so here's chapter 4

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The next morning, Amycus was the one giving Draco his breakfast. He stepped into the room, his robes trailing behind him. Draco had put on the clothes, even though it had a few holes in the shirt. Amycus placed the tray down before him, his face unreadable.

“I heard you almost stabbed my right-hand man to death,” Amycus said, and Draco glared at the Death Eater. “He came to me looking like someone painted him red.”

“He deserves what he got. And tell your fucking scum to stay away from a bonded Omega,” he said, sneering at him. “Next time, I won’t just stop at stabbing. I am Harry’s mate and his only.”

Amycus flashed a smirk at him, and Draco ignored it. He picked up the bowl, it was soup this time, since he couldn’t endure the smell of bread anymore. Draco brought the spoonful of soup to his mouth, his nose wrinkled at the scent and he covered his mouth with his hand, once again, rushing to the corner of the room before retching it all out.

“Well, look at that, seems like my right-hand man forgot to tell me that we were kidnapping two people after all,” Amycus said, and Draco wiped his mouth, turning back to him with his eyebrows knitted together. “Could it be that you’ve plunged that candle in Fenrir’s nose instead of his eye? His keen senses are usually on point.”

“What did you say?”

“Do you know you are pregnant, Omega?” Amycus said, tipping his chin up and breathing in the air as Draco stepped back. He smiled, his hands tucking behind his back. “Yes, I believe you are carrying two more souls inside you,” he said, turning to the door. “I guess we have to take better care of you now, Potter might want both his mate and his pups back safely.”

Amycus closed the door, and Draco was still stunned, staring at the wall without blinking. He touched his stomach, calming his breath as he broke into a smile. Pups. They were expecting, and it was twins. Jamie would have two more brothers or sisters now. Draco hugged his stomach, sliding down against the walls. Tears of joy filled his eyes and trailed down his face. He hadn’t had the faintest idea that he had his angel with him this whole time when he thought he was already submerged in the darkness and isolation. “I’ll protect you, darlings, I will.”

*

Harry looked at all the opened files on the table, faces of Death Eaters, their information, locations. All were there, but he hadn’t found Draco yet. There were three Death Eaters left that the Aurors hadn’t been able to find, and it gave Harry an irritation that he couldn’t scratch off.

He glanced at the framed picture of him and Draco next to his coffee mug and felt a pull at his heart. He groaned, burying his face in his hands, feeling defeated for the first time. His world was crumbling

down, breaking every second he couldn't see Draco. It felt like there was a knife stabbing at his heart repeatedly, and it won't stop until he found his mate.

Harry groaned, slamming his fists on the table and swatting everything to the floor. He flipped the table over, smashing it against the window, breaking the glass entirely. The bond yanked at his heart, and he knew Draco was in pain, he could feel it. He felt every pain, every fear, every despair his Omega was suffering, and it shattered his heart when he couldn't do anything. He had never felt so powerless. Draco was his strength, and now he wasn't here, Harry was a lost man.

"Harry!" Harry turned to look at the door, where Pansy and Hermione were staring at him with wide eyes. He panted, looking at the chaos in the room. Broken cup, parchments ruined, and window destroyed.

Pansy stepped forward and stopped when she was in front of Harry. Without warning, she slapped Harry right across his face. *"Do not growl at me, Harry James Potter,"* the Alpha said before Harry could show his fangs at the sting on his cheek.

"Look at what you're doing to yourself," Pansy said, digging her finger into his chest, scolding him with her voice firm. "You've lost it and gone savage, Harry. Your eyes are bloody glowing red right now. You think Draco would want to see you like this? Pull yourself together and instead of lashing out, clear your bloody mind so you can think better and find your *mate* faster. You're not helping anything when you're destroying furniture. Do you understand that?" Her nostrils flared and she exhaled before her expression softened down. "Are you calm now, Harry?"

Harry looked at her, trying to steady his breath. Two Alphas exchanged eye contact, and Pansy's gaze was just as unyielding as his. He swallowed, knowing she was right. He nodded. "I-I am. Thank you for slapping me, I needed it."

“I’m always here for that,” Pansy said, a smile curving on her lips as she fixed Harry’s disheveled clothes. “And are you wearing Draco’s scarf?”

Harry touched the black scarf around his neck and gave her another nod. “I needed…to smell him.” He had missed Draco’s scent too much, and his bed was filled with his mate’s clothes just so he could fall asleep each night without having nightmares about losing Draco.

Pansy sighed, pulling him in a hug and running her hand through his hair. “I’m sorry, honey. It’s all been hard for us, but for you, Merlin’s fuck, I can’t understand how you’re feeling. I just want you to calm yourself, Harry.”

“I know, I should be, you’re right,” he said as she broke the hug off, rubbing his arm to comfort him. “What are you two doing here?”

“Well, Pansy said you might need help,” Hermione said as she was crouching down to pick up the files. She looked up at him, a soft smile appearing on her lips. “And she’s right.” The Omega stood up and scanned her eyes over the files. “Have you found the rest yet?”

“No, nothing, no clues at all.”

“I’m sorry,” Hermione said, breathing out in despair, “I’m contacting everyone I know too, they just can’t find out where they stay.”

“I know,” Harry said, eyeing the files on Hermione’s hands. “The last time we saw Dolohov, he was in Italy, but that was a year ago, we don’t know if he’s returned or not. Carrow is still missing since he escaped Azkaban. And Travers is hiding someplace else, we searched

his Manor, and it was empty."

"We will contact more," Pansy said, and Hermione agreed with her wife with a nod. "All you need to do now is to stay composed. All right?"

"She's right," Hermione said, stepping forward to run her hand up and down Harry's arm. "Draco needs you right now. And you need to be in your right mind, Harry. Calm yourself, stay grounded, you will find him. He'll be okay."

"Draco's stronger than you think, I'm sure he might have even injured his kidnapper by now," Pansy said, and Harry smiled softly at her consolation. "No, don't think of it as a joke, Harry. I've known Draco since we were kids and he was still collecting articles about you from the Daily Prophet. He's a smart one, he can fight back."

"And, if," Hermione said, tilting her head to the side, "*if* anything happens to him, you will know, immediately, and it will be a pain you've never experienced before. Excruciating, sickening pain, you'll feel as though you're dying."

"Then why does it hurt so bad right now?" Harry said, his voice broke, and both the girls tugged him in a tight embrace. He let the hot tears trail down his face, his heart and his soul were aching for Draco again, for his mate. He craved his Omega back, desperately. "I feel like I've lost half of me already."

"You'll be okay, Harry," Hermione said, soothing him quietly, "you two will find each other again."

*

“And that is how your daddy proposed to me, it was utterly cheesy, but your daddy is a huge romantic, and I love him for that too.” Draco covered his hand over his stomach, unable to stop smiling. He was still trapped and isolated, but the little souls inside him were warming up his heart. Their pups couldn’t be older than a month old, since Draco’s heat was exactly a month ago, and Harry had been the best mate he could ever have, taking care of him attentively.

“You know, your daddy is a very popular Alpha,” he said, rubbing circles on his belly. He’d been telling stories of Harry and him all day, so their pups could hear and recognise his voice. “He presented early, at thirteen, I was way later than that. In a way, I’m kind of like your grandfather at that point, your grandfather also presented late at eighteen.” It was a memorable day, when he presented as an Omega right after his graduation day, and Pansy had insisted that it was Harry who triggered it. Draco didn’t believe her at first, but she might have been true.

“Your daddy and I, we didn’t like each other at first, for a long time. And it didn’t get better until after the war. The war…changed us all a lot.” Things had definitely gone in a different direction for Omegas after the war. Before that, Omegas were looked down on, abused, sold for money. However, when an army of Omega had helped taken the Death Eaters down during the war just from releasing their pheromones and making the Death Eaters fight and kill each other because of it, it had changed the way people thought about them. Now, they were lusted after, and highly appreciated. Draco was grateful for it, because now their pups would be able to live in a more modern world.

“We didn’t get closer until I became a Healer, actually, your daddy is prone to having injuries,” he said, his lips curling up to form a smile. He had healed Harry many times, and it almost felt as if Harry was his most frequent patient back then. “We still didn’t stand each other, until…until one day.” He leaned his head back on the wall, exhaling softly. “You’re not old enough to hear it yet, so I’ll skip it.”

He chuckled, continuing, “After a while, and one huge injure your daddy had, we finally become a couple. I don’t know why I even fell for him,” he said, shaking his head, “I’m sorry, darling, that was such a horrible lie, I actually do. I’ve fallen for your daddy since I could remember. I thought what I felt towards your daddy was merely admiration. He’s an Alpha, who killed a big dark wizard, and I thought your daddy was pretty charming.”

He felt his cheeks heating up just from thinking about Harry again. “I was an arrogant, dumb kid, and we didn’t get along at first because of me, I was mean to your uncle Ron. We were on a rough path for years, and I still can’t believe we’re a family now. Jamie would love you two so much, sweeties. Your daddy and I love you too.”

Draco slid down on the floor, lying on his side as his hand was still draped over his stomach. “Your daddy is a hero, so don’t worry, little ones, I know your daddy will save us, he will.” He let his eyes flutter shut, and for the first time in many nights, Draco was able to sleep without struggling.

*

Harry furrowed his eyebrows, hearing the sound of kids laughing near him. It was strange. He opened his eyes, only to realise he was standing in a wide yellow field with one big, green tree in the middle. He stepped forward, following the sound around him.

"Jamie?" he called out, it was Jamie's voice, he would recognise it anywhere.

"Harry?"

Harry spun around, his heart thumping hard in his chest when he heard Draco calling him. Draco was here.

"Draco?" he shouted, looking around the empty field, searching for a familiar figure, for his mate. *"Draco, where are you?"*

"Harry? I'm here."

"Draco! Love, where are you?" Harry marched through the field with forceful steps, calling out for his mate. *"Draco? I'm here! Tell me where you are! I'm coming!"* The wind blew past him, and he could hear the rustling close to him. He no longer heard the kids laughing, only silence filling the air now. *"Draco? Answer me."*

"Harry." Draco's voice was barely a whisper, and Harry turned around as a loud thunder crashed above them. When he saw Draco, it was no longer a field around them, but a rotten place under his feet.

"Draco," Harry said, voice faltering when he saw his mate before him. He was standing under the same tree in the middle of the field, but now the tree was dead, leaves disappearing from its branches,

replaced with a flock of crows there. The birds were making loud caws from above as the sky darkened, grey clouds gathering like a rainstorm was about to arrive.

When he reached Draco's spot, he cradled his mate in his arms instantly, feeling his tears soaking Harry's bare shoulder. *"I'm here now, love, I'm here, I'm right here with you."*

The crows were screeching louder behind them. Harry looked up and noticed they were all watching him, their eyes piercing through him. Draco cried into his neck, his voice soothing Harry's heart. He closed his eyes, taking in the scent of his mate.

"Save me, Harry."

Harry opened his eyes again, looking up at the dark ceiling of his bedroom. He sat up, panting heavily as sweats drenched his body. It was only a dream. He looked at the empty side of the bed, the now cold side next to him and his heart ached. He'd thought Draco had returned to him.

He got off his bed in a rush, grabbing his robes and heading to the Floo. When he arrived at the Ministry, it was only five in the morning. He didn't care, as only one thought occupied his mind, Draco. He had to save Draco, now.

He wasn't sure how long he'd stayed in his office, drawing up maps and connections between Death Eaters to find out where they were staying, until the door was opened and pulled him out of his tracks of thoughts.

"Harry, how long have you been here?" Ron asked, stepping into the office and glancing at the board next to Harry's table. "You didn't stay

here all night, did you?"

"No, only since five," he said, shaking his head and returning to his big whiteboard.

"There are like ten cups of coffee here," Ron said from behind and cleared his throat, "Harry."

"Yeah?"

"I found them," Ron said, and Harry turned around, the light of hope shining in him when his best friend said it. "Well, actually, Hermione did. Her source sent her the location just this morning, and she called me right away, she couldn't call you."

"Oh, I-I forgot my phone at home," he said, he'd rushed to work so fast that he had forgotten to grab his phone. "You found them?"

"Yeah, all three left." Ron nodded, splaying the three profiles on Harry's table. "Dolohov, Carrow, Travers, they're all here. Should we go? I'll call Neville and Penelope."

Harry looked at the pictures, his eyes fixated on Carrow's picture for some reason. His dream earlier kept coming back to him, the crows, the tree, the sky. As he looked into Carrow's eyes, it felt unnerving and the bond at his heart tingled.

"Harry?"

“Yeah?”

“Should we go to Dolohov’s Manor now?” Ron asked, and Harry shook his head, pushing Carrow’s profile into the Omega’s hand.

“No, we’ll go find Carrow first,” Harry said, standing up and tugging his wand in the holster. Ron nodded without a word, following Harry as they exited their office.

Chapter End Notes

The angst will all end soon, my babes, well...

Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

> TW: Graphic depiction of violence, blood, character death (not main).

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The path led to the Manor where Carrow was staying was small and dark, dampened from the rain just a few hours ago. Harry led the team through the gate, the closer he was here, the bond in his heart tugged at him stronger. Thunders crackled above them, and Harry took a deep breath, facing the main door before him.

“On my count,” he said, turning to the Aurors behind him, “three, two, *one*.” He kicked the door open, the wooden entrance breaking in half and crashing to the floor. Harry stepped on it, entering the empty house. No light, no sound, no people. Carrow knew they’d come here.

“Where the hell is he?” Ron’s voice was low behind him as they followed Harry’s trail into the hallway.

Harry closed his eyes, inhaling in the air. The smell of dark wizards filled the air, but it wasn’t just one, there were two people here. And one was particularly familiar to him.

“Greyback,” Harry sneered, his growls rumbling inside his chest. The scent of Greyback was tangled with the faint warm scent of Draco, it lingered in the air, along with the smell of blood.

“Greyback is here?” Neville asked and Harry nodded silently, stepping forward. “Then where are they?”

“Closer than we think,” Harry said, glancing at the line of portraits hanging on the walls. Carrow had stolen the Manor from someone, possibly killed them, and decorated it as though it was his new place already, changing the portraits to their family instead.

“What do you mean?”

Harry didn’t answer him, his nostrils flaring as he slammed the invisible figure into the wall. He threw the man flat on the floor, aiming his fist directly into the wizard’s concealed face until there was blood on his knuckles. The Alpha wrapped his hand around the unseen flesh, squeezing the air out of the one beneath him, murmuring the incantation as it revealed Carrow, lying bloody on the floor and still had a smirk on, showing his red teeth.

“You think a weak spell and some potions can block your rotting scent from me?” he growled, and the Beta laughed, earning another blow at his face. *“Where is my mate?”* Harry seized Carrow by the collar, hauling him half-up, snarling at the Beta. *“Spit it out, Carrow, now.”*

“Now, now, no need to be so wild, we’re all people here,” Carrow cooed, blood trickling out of his nose. Harry’s grips turned tighter and Carrow clicked his tongue. “You should think again before you try to kill me, Alpha. After all, I have your mate, and he’s with Greyback right now, who’s willing to slash his throat without a second thought.”

“We’ll go-…”

“Oh, no, I highly warn you against that,” Carrow said when Ron stepped forward. “He kills on command, you see. If I die, your precious Omega dies as well. Anyone who comes close, Greyback will kill him. I will only give him back, when you give me my sister back.”

“So that’s what you want this whole time,” Penelope said behind him, her voice quiet. “You sick fuck.”

“Sick? Or someone who loves his family dearly?”

“Sick,” Harry snarled, but it only made Carrow laugh louder.

“You can’t kill me, Potter, your Omega will die,” Carrow said, his hands clutching on Harry’s robes. “Surely, you won’t want your mate and your new pups to die too?”

The Alpha’s eyes were wide with shock, and Carrow cackled when Harry’s grip loosened. “Oh yes, your precious Omega is pregnant. Give me my sister, or Greyback kills your family.”

Harry was close to tearing Carrow in half, but he was thinking about protecting his mate as well, and his pups. It was still hard to grasp the fact that Draco was pregnant, he should have known.

“Harry!”

Harry’s heart throbbed as he looked up, glancing at the end of the hallway when he heard Draco’s cry of pain. He let out a loud roar, shaking the chandelier above them. Harry grasped his hands around the Beta’s collar and picked him up, flinging his entire body against the wall and releasing him unconscious on the carpet.

“Take him in, all of you, go!” Harry ordered, sprinting away from Carrow’s unmoving body and into the direction of the staircase.

He followed the faint trail of scent, Draco's scent, and he was led into the dungeon. Harry's blood rushed through his veins, pumping his heart, his bond was rippling through him like the lightings outside.

*

The thunder was deafening outside when Draco heard the loud shouting between Greyback and Carrow. They were arguing, and there was a tinge of hope inside him that it was something good. Draco snatched the gold goblet near him and snuck it behind his back as he heard footsteps approaching.

Draco flinched when Greyback barged into the dungeon with a knife in his hand. The Omega stepped back, pressing himself against the wall, recoiling from the werewolf. "What's going on?"

Greyback was inaudible, a quiet growl emitting from his throat as he marched towards Draco and dragged him away. *"What the fuck is going on? Don't touch me!"*

"Listen, you bitch!" Greyback barked, pressing the knife against Draco's neck and the Omega went still under the sharp blade. "It seems like your precious Alpha has found this place, and he's going to be here soon. I have to fucking bring you somewhere else, Carrow's command."

There was a booming crash above them, of the door being destroyed, and Draco looked up. "*Harry*," Draco murmured, his heart warmed with relief when he knew his Alpha was here, saving him. He glared at the werewolf, snarling, "you can fucking try, I'm not going anywhere without my Alpha."

Draco swung the gold goblet against Greyback's temple, sending him staggering back. He slipped through the open doorway, getting out of the dungeon for the first time. It wasn't far until he was yanked back by the collar, Greyback hauling him back into the dungeon as Draco struggled, digging his feet into the ground. His strength was no match for Greyback.

"I should fucking kill you," Greyback barked, throwing the Omega back inside the room with a loud thud.

The Beta stomped forward, ruthlessly swinging a kick at Draco's flank as the Omega cried out. He hugged his stomach instantly. His Omegan instinct was screaming at him to protect the pups. Greyback was merciless, his kicks hitting the Omega's sides repeatedly. Some even hit his face, and Draco could feel blood dripping out of the corner of his lips. His tongue tasted metal, and his head hurt.

"Harry!" he cried his Alpha's name in hopes he could hear him. When he heard the loud roar Harry had made, resounding through the walls and making the ceiling rumble. Draco's bond tingled with a sudden surge of strength.

"I've had enough of you fucking wretched Omega," Greyback snapped, stopping his kicks and bending down to grab Draco up. The Omega retaliated with a counterblow, turning his knuckles red with the blood spurted from Greyback's nose.

He kicked at Greyback's chest, hard. The Beta lost his balance, falling backwards on the floor. Draco heaved, stumbling on his feet and trying to head for the door again. Greyback pulled out his knife, and Draco froze in his tracks as the Beta blocked the door.

"It's like you're fucking begging to be killed, Omega."

“By you?” Draco chuckled, hugging his sides and slightly wincing from the pain, “I’d rather fucking kill myself instead.”

Greyback growled, striding towards him. Draco crouched down, snatching the wooden tray in his hand and swinging it at the Beta’s head, turning him red from anger. Greyback plunged the knife forward and Draco blocked it with the tray. The blade pierced through the wood under his eyes. Draco moved away from the knife, twisting his wrists and chucking it back at Greyback’s temple, making the werewolf shake his head from the sudden dizziness.

“You bitch.”

“You really should reconsider that, seeing how you can’t defeat an Omega,” Draco said, laughing dryly as he licked the blood off his lower lip.

Greyback’s eyes flashed with the intent to kill. He wrenched the knife out of the tray, lurching it at Draco’s middle again. The Omega dodged it briefly, yelping when Greyback took hold of his wrist, his force was close to breaking his bone.

The Beta bent Draco’s hand behind his back. The Omega howled, pain coursing through his body like electricity. Greyback shoved him against the wall and Draco used his free hand to fling his punch at the Beta. It didn’t miss Greyback’s cheekbone, but Draco’s mouth went slack, gasping at the sudden pang of pain, a source of dark magic flowing in him. Draco inhaled deeply, wincing as he glanced down at his middle. Blood was gushing out of his stomach where the knife had impaled inside him.

Draco’s breath shuddered when Greyback pulled the knife back out,

and his own trembling hands came up to cover his wound as his body wobbled and slipped down on the ground. Tears escape his eyes, and he only wished his pups were safe, that the knife had missed them.

"Draco." His Alpha's growl was blaring, and Greyback turned around, facing Harry, who was standing at the doorway with his hand red of blood.

"Harry," Draco called out, his voice weak as he held on to his injury. Harry eyed it immediately, another growl rumbled inside his chest.

"Looks like I won, Potter," Greyback said, cackling loudly.

Harry's eyes were flashing red with his knuckles bloody before he lunged at the Beta. Greyback aimed the knife forward as Harry seized his wrist, twisting his entire arm as Greyback howled, dropping the knife on the floor.

Harry closed his other hand around Greyback's neck, pushing him backwards until he was pressed flat on the wall. He struck multiple blows at the Beta's side, until he was coughing out blood. Greyback gasped for breath, thrashing when Harry's blows hit him in the ribs. It seemed like he'd fractured it already.

"Don't touch," Harry snarled, his claws dug into Greyback's neck, piercing through the skin, deep enough to draw blood out as his fangs showed, *"my mate."* With one swift move, Greyback's throat was ripped out. Blood sprayed out as the Beta's body fell on the floor next to Draco. His eyes were still wide open, and blood surged out of his exposed neck, pooling around his head. Dead. Greyback was dead.

*

Harry rushed to Draco's spot, his big hand covering his Omega's wound completely and his other hand cupped Draco's face. *"No, no, baby, don't…"* Harry shook his head, heart shattering when he saw how much Draco was bleeding out. A string of spells escaped his throat, but the blood was still spilling out. *"No, no…"*

"The knife is cursed…Harry-Harry, listen to me," Draco said, his voice hoarse as he leaned into Harry's hand, *"save our pups, Harry. Do everything to save our babies, please."* Tears soaked his cheeks, mixing with blood, and Harry's heart clenched. He buried his face in Draco's neck, scenting him and feeling his pain through the bond. It was a pain he'd never felt before. *"I-I don't care what happens to me. We can't lose our pups, Harry, you hear me?"*

"No, Draco, no. I'm not going to lose you," Harry pleaded, his lips pressing on the salty and wet spot on Draco's cheek. He couldn't lose Draco, not now, not ever. *"No, not again, no. I love you, please, please stay with me."* Draco bared a weak smile, tipping his head forward to kiss Harry on his lips, his breathing short. *"I-I'll save you all, please, stay, Draco. Stay, love, stay."*

"You can't do that, Harry," Draco said, smiling weakly as he coughed, blood trickling out of the corner of his lips. *"You're not invincible, and neither am I."* He brushed his hand against Harry's face, and the Alpha melted in his Omega's warm touch. *"I love you, Harry, so much."*

"No, don't say that, no," he begged, body shaking with pain, *"I love you. I love you, Draco, don't-don't leave me. I can't live a life without you next to me."* He pressed harder on the wound, leaning closer to Draco. *"Darling, don't-don't do this to me. Death couldn't do us part, remember?"* he asked, reciting his vows as Draco gave him a fragile smile. *"I won't let you go, I won't, I can't. I love you, I love you, Draco. Please, don't leave*

me here."

"My Alpha," Draco whispered, his eyes fluttered slowly, *"I'm yours, now, and forever, Harry."* His hand dropped from Harry's face and his eyes refused to open again.

Harry let out an anguishing roar as he held Draco's unresponsive body in his arms. His heart thumped like a drum as he Apparated them both, breaking through the ward of the Manor and into St. Mungo's.

"Oh Merlin's fuck, Draco!" Katie Bell rushed to Harry in her Healer robes as the Alpha placed his mate on the empty bed. *"Details, now!"*

"He's stabbed by this knife," Harry said, handing Katie the knife he hadn't forgotten to snatch before bringing Draco here. Harry took his mate's limped hand and kissed his knuckles, tears dropping on his Omega's delicate skin. "Please, please save him, and our pups." Katie's eyes widened and she nodded, calling other Healers for help.

"Trust us," the Beta said as she tugged at Harry's robes, "Harry, you need to leave. We need to heal him right now."

"No, no, I can't leave him, I can't," Harry said, shaking his head, refusing to let go of his mate's hand but Katie was pulling on him stronger.

"Harry, you have to calm down." Katie managed to yank him away and push him out of the room. Harry stole one last glance at Draco, he was still breathing, weakly, his eyes weren't open anymore. "Harry, stay out here. We will do our best. Okay? All you need to do is stay here, wait, and don't do anything stupid."

Harry nodded, words stuck in his throat as she closed the door, blocking him from the room. He collapsed on the chairs outside the room, head buried in his hands and he couldn't shake the fear off him. The thought of losing Draco, of not seeing Draco every day from now, terrified him to the core. He was the only one Harry had ever loved, his true mate, he was Harry's world. And now his world was dying before him, and Harry was powerless, unable to protect or save his mate. And their pups, their pups Harry hadn't even had a clue about.

He had failed Draco, failed their son, failed at bringing their family back together. He was at fault for all of this. Harry broke down completely when the bond was hurting him more than it had ever been. It felt like he was stabbed by the same knife at his heart, and he was left with an open wound, just like Draco. He felt Draco's life through their bond, it was there, but it was faint, and Harry tried not to think about losing his mate. No, he couldn't, he wouldn't accept it. Harry closed his eyes, wishing to be reunited with his mate again.

Chapter End Notes

Reunited? Sort of. Sorry for that, everyone.

Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

A bit of fluff to makeup for the heavy angst, I hope.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Draco was beautiful. Harry had never doubted that. He had that glow on him, and he wasn't just talking about his hair. When they hated each other, Harry had thought Draco's eyes were cold and dark, like the sky before the storm. When he fell for Draco, he'd realised the Omega's eyes were a warm and milky grey colour. And it seemed almost as though it was a layer of fog, clouding Harry's rational senses, and Harry wanted to be lost in them forever. And he still did, every single day, slowly, steadily and never-ending.

His Omega's skin was soft and fair, and Harry never wanted to stop cherishing him. Kissing, scenting, marking every inch of Draco's body as though it was his means to live. Taking care of Draco and protecting him from danger, Harry could become everything for his Omega. He existed solely to worship his mate, to love him with everything he had got.

His scent was warm of honey, thick and addicting, intoxicating Harry from the first time he was able to scent Draco. And he knew then, Draco was his true mate. His smile was like light, illuminating Harry's life in more ways than he could say, pulling him out of the dark. Draco meant the world to him. Harry would kill for him, die for him, and sacrifice everything for him.

He held Draco's hand in his, watching his mate, who was still lying on the bed, sleeping soundly. He'd been sleeping for two weeks like this. The Healers had managed to save him, and the wound had missed the pups and Draco's vital organs. Their pups were healthy, and so was Draco. Harry was relieved when he heard the news, but Draco hadn't woken up yet. Harry was still waiting for him, every day. He didn't leave Draco's side for even a second, he wanted to make sure his mate and their pups were all safe.

The sun shone through the curtains, highlighting Draco's features. Harry pressed his cheek against the palm of Draco's hand, sitting closer to his mate's bed and whispering to him, "Good morning, darling." He breathed in sharply when Draco didn't react. "I love you so much, Draco." He did the same thing every day, hoping one day his Omega would open his eyes and say it back, and he'd get to feel the warm love from his beloved mate again.

"Oh, gosh, Harry." The Alpha turned his head to see Pansy and Hermione entering the room, a private room Harry had arranged for his mate. Pansy sighed, placing more of their gifts on the table next to Draco's bed. "You haven't left at all? Have you had breakfast?"

Harry didn't answer her, turning back to look at his mate, hearing another sigh from behind him.

"I'll go out and buy some food."

"No, no, honey, stay. I'll go," Pansy said when Hermione offered. He heard the clicking of her heels, and then the door was closed again.

"Harry, you should go home for a while," Hermione said, putting her hand on Harry's shoulder to comfort him. "Pansy and I can take care of Draco. Just go, change your clothes, Harry. Look at you, your beard is growing."

Harry touched his own jawline, seeing the stubbles had been growing more each day. He was still wearing the same robes, with blood and dirt on, and so far, no one had managed to convince him to go home.

"Draco told me he'd like it if I grow my beard out someday," Harry

said, smiling to himself as he looked at his mate.

“And he will love it, but I’m sure he won’t like you when you’re looking like this. Do you even sleep, Harry?”

“I do,” Harry said, swallowing hard. It wasn’t much, but he did sleep, just for a few hours every night. The rest of the day he’d spent watching Draco, waiting for him.

“He will still be here when you return, Harry,” Hermione said, fixing his hair with her hand like a mother. “We will take care of him.”

“No, no,” Harry said, shaking his head as he pressed his nose against the scent gland on Draco’s wrist, “I have to be here when he wakes. He has to wake.”

“He will, Harry. The Healers assured us, right?” Hermione asked, and Harry pressed his lips together. He knew that, but for as long as Draco was still unconscious like this, he was still agitated. “You’ve been taking time off work for a while.”

“They do fine without me, Hermione.”

“Well, not so much now,” Hermione said, and Harry turned to her, puzzled. “Ron’s apparently also expecting a pup as well, for about a month now.”

“He’s pregnant too?” Harry widened his eyes, that would actually explain why Ron would sometimes run to the loo when they were working. Harry was too immersed in rescuing Draco that he hadn’t noticed at all.

“Yes, and Blaise, being the overly coddling Alpha he is,” the Omega said, and Harry chuckled, “*insists* that Ron works less, and he can’t go out of missions anymore.”

“That’s going to kill Ron, he loves fieldwork,” Harry said, and Hermione nodded at him with a smile.

“Stuck doing files for the next eight months? He’s going to have a *fun* time,” Hermione said, grinning. She glanced at the big bouquet on the table, tilting her head to the side. “Did Lucius and Narcissa come here?”

“Yeah, last night,” Harry said. Draco’s parents were always visiting him at night, after Jamie had gone to sleep, and safely guarded with magic around his room.

“And Jamie still doesn’t know?”

“No.” Harry shook his head, exhaling. “I thought it’d be best if Draco woke up first. Jamie can visit him then, I don’t want to worry him.”

“You’re right,” Hermione said, giving a nod. “That’s a lot of gifts. Who gave Draco that huge teddy bear?”

“Ginny and Luna,” Harry said, smiling. A lot of people had stopped by and visited Draco, sending him kind words and comforting him. “The huge stuffed dragon is from Charlie and Teddy. The sweater is Molly’s.”

“It’s adorable.” Hermione chuckled as the door was opened again. Pansy entered, with a big plate in one hand and a brown bag in her other hand. “You’re back.”

“I brought food,” Pansy said, placing the plate on the table before Harry. It was a full English breakfast. “And clothes. You need to get out of those robes, Harry.”

“Pansy.”

“*Harry*,” Pansy said again, louder this time, “you have to change, and I brought your clothes here, so you won’t even have to go home. Sounds good, right?”

Harry looked at her, her brows lifted, and she offered him a smile, shoving the bag into his hand. “The loo is right there. You can change in a few minutes and Draco will still be here, with us.”

“Harry, go, please,” Hermione said, smiling and tugging at his arm. He finally stood up, stealing one last glance at his mate before rushing into the loo.

When he returned, it was only a minute or two, he’d tried to be fast. The clothes were his, so he reckoned Pansy had come to their house and took the clothes for him. He had a simple black shirt and a jacket on, with jeans and clean boots that weren’t stained with blood.

“Wow, that was fast,” Pansy said, standing up from her chair and giving him a round of applause. “Look at you now, not as horrid as before.”

“Thank you, Pansy,” said Harry, suppressing a smile as he resumed the seat next to Draco’s bed. He intertwined their hands again, inhaling in Draco’s scent. It’d become something he did to calm himself down.

“He will be okay,” Pansy whispered, ruffling his hair and Harry smiled, his eyes still glued on his mate.

“Guys,” came a familiar voice and they all turned around, seeing Ron at the door with a smile and his hand on his stomach. “We’re here.”

“Blaise didn’t come with you? That’s surprising,” Pansy said, letting out a little scoff as the Omega rolled his eyes, gesturing to the door.

“Of course I’m not alone,” Ron said, “Blaise, where are you?” He called out, and the door finally slammed open, Blaise was walking backwards, holding a stuffed Giant Squid in his arms. “You’re taking so long. You’re supposed to be in with the squid when I announced it.”

“Baby, I’m only one Alpha,” Blaise said, dragging the stuffed squid that was bigger than him inside the room.

“Well, I did offer to help, but you declined.”

“You’re pregnant, baby, you don’t have to do anything,” Blaise said, and Ron flashed him a smile before leaning over to press a kiss on Blaise’s lips.

“So, are you two going to just stand there?” Pansy asked, earning a nudge from her wife. “What? They were practically about to fuck right there, honey.”

“Oh, no, we’re not going to do anything,” Ron said, giving Blaise *the* side-eye, “*someone* is afraid his *colossal* cock will scare the pup or whatever. And I said the pup is like the size of a grape right now, so it’ll be all right.”

“Actually, the fetus is about the size of a grain of rice,” Hermione said, and Ron elbowed his husband with a smirk.

“See? A grain of rice.”

“I’m not going to fuck you when you’re expecting, Ron.”

“Oh, fine, you overprotective beast, it’s not like your giant monster can reach that far up,” Ron said, rolling his eyes and walking to Draco’s bed first. He sighed, looking at the Omega. “I can’t believe we’re expecting at the same time,” he said, bending down, “I do hope our pups are going to like each other.”

“Or, they’ll turn out to be like Harry and Draco,” Pansy said, shrugging, “what if they can’t stand the sight of each other?”

“So, if they’re anything like Harry and Draco, they’d be enemies at first, then lovers, right?” Ron asked, grinning at Harry, and he returned the smile at his best friend. “Then I have no worries at all.”

“Where do you want me to put this?” Blaise asked, gesturing to the squid.

“The trash.”

“*Oi*! Pansy, it’s cute,” Ron argued, and Pansy shot him a wink.

“You can shrink it, and put it next to the dragon there,” Harry said, and Blaise followed his words, making the squid tiny with a quick spell. “Thank you.”

“It’s nothing,” Ron said, waving his hand and checking his watch on his wrist. “Hermione, did Neville call you? He told me he’d visit today.”

“Oh, he did, he’s supposed to be here now, actually,” Hermione said, and as soon as she finished her sentence. The door opened again, revealing Neville, who was walking in with Theo. “Oh, Theo! You’re here too!”

“Of course, why wouldn’t I be?” Theo said, smiling at them as he approached them. “I was here like ten minutes ago, but this Healer kept flirting with me and wouldn’t tell me what room Draco was staying in.” The Omega huffed, hooking his arm around Hermione’s arm and standing close to her. “Luckily, I was saved by Neville right here!”

Neville smiled at him, and his eyes were still fixated on Theo. He had been in love with the Omega for so long, yet Theo hadn’t known at all.

“Wow, Nev, always the shining prince.” Pansy grinned, draping her arm over the Beta’s shoulder. “So, he pretended to be your boyfriend?”

“Yeah, he was super sweet,” Theo said, grinning brightly, “thank you, Neville.” Pansy then whispered something into Neville’s ear, turning

his cheeks red and rendering him speechless.

“How’s…” Hermione turned to look at Ron, adding, “Carrow?”

“Well, he’ll be receiving *the* kiss along with his sister very soon,” Ron said, scoffing with his arms folded together. “That’s what he gets for kidnapping my bloody friend. Not to mention, he was stupid too. Who the fuck let himself be beaten up before saying what he needs? The sick fuck.”

“Ron, baby.”

“Blaise, the pup isn’t going to understand curses this early,” Ron said, tugging his Alpha by the arm to place another kiss on his temple, calming him down. “Okay?” he asked, and Blaise nodded. The Omega smiled, turning to look around the room. “So, where’s the rest of us?”

“Oh, Ginny and Luna are-…”

“We’re here!” They all turned to look at the door, where Ginny and Luna were walking in. Ginny was still in her Quidditch uniforms, with sweats beading on her forehead and her hair up in a ponytail. “We’re a bit late, but Luna baked biscuits!”

“Biscuits! Ron squealed, throwing his hands in the air as the Omega approached him with a basket of different types of biscuits in her hands. “Wait, can we eat this, or is this for Draco when he wakes up?”

“Don’t worry, I baked a lot,” Luna said as Ginny held another basket she was holding behind her Omega, and Ron shrieked in delight, diving in instantly.

Harry smiled at his friends, overjoyed with their presence here as he turned back to look at Draco. He missed him so much, even when he was right here.

*

“Harry,” Padma called him from the door, and he stood up, “I need to talk to you about something.”

“Can…can you come in?”

“Harry,” the Beta said, a slight frown on her face that only worried him more. “It’ll just be a little while, he’s safe here.”

Harry swallowed, rubbing his thumb over the back of Draco’s hand and sighing before releasing his grip. He left the room, not before locking it with magic.

“Is anything wrong?” he asked as soon as he was out, and Padma shook her head.

“No, I just want to talk to you about Draco’s pregnancy,” the Beta said, handing him a piece of parchment, “I know you’ve had one child

already, but this time, you two still have to be careful. Male Omegas, when they're pregnant, they need extra care. And Draco's expecting twins, it'll be harder for him now."

"I know, I understand." He nodded, opening the parchment to skim his eyes over the paper. It was just a few things he needed to pay attention to, and when they needed to go to St. Mungo's immediately.

"Since you have little Jamie, I reckon you understand how childbirth is going to go?"

"Yeah, yes, I know," he said, his mind bringing him back to the memory of him outside the emergency room, waiting patiently until he heard the sound of their pup crying. It was the most beautiful sound he had ever heard, and he was utterly happy back then.

"And the…sexual intercourse…" Padma said, clearing her throat as Harry smiled at her, "when Draco wakes, you'll have to postpone it for a while until Draco fully recovers. After that, you two can do it normally, as long as you are both being careful. Throughout all eight months from now, I'll be examining Draco, making sure he and your pups are healthy. If you have any questions, just call me, my address is in there."

"Yes, okay, thank you," he said, and she gave him a smile, tapping his shoulder before walking the other way.

He folded the parchment back and shoved it in his pocket, returning to the room. When he pushed the door in, Harry stopped in his tracks, his heart thumped in his chest when he noticed the bed was empty. He paced into the room, shivers running along his spine when he saw the white sheets now painted with fresh red blood.

“Draco!” he called out, flipping the blanket over and looking around the room. Panic crashed over him, terrifying him again. *“Draco! Fuck-…”* He strode to the door, he had to find him. He could not lose him again. He should have never left Draco alone again. He was foolish, so fucking foolish.

“Harry?”

Harry stilled in his spot, his hand gripping the doorknob hard enough to rip it from the door. Draco’s voice was so soft, still slightly raspy, but he knew it was Draco. Harry turned around, and it seemed like all the air were sucked out of his lungs when he saw his mate, standing there a few feet away from him, with a smile on his face.

“Draco,” Harry said, his voice filled with ease as he marched to his mate’s spot, embracing him quickly. He locked his arms around Draco’s slim waist, hoisting him up in his arms until Draco wrapped his whole body around him. *“Fuck, you’re here! You’re here!”* he murmured, burying his nose in Draco’s scent gland, inhaling him in and feeling as though a new wave of energy was pushed inside him, flowing through him, warm with love, with Draco.

“Of course I’m here, darling. Where else would I go?” Draco said, nuzzling his nose against Harry’s neck as well. “I was just cleaning my shirt.”

“What?” Harry tipped his head back, looking at Draco, and his Omega gestured at the bed.

“Well, I woke up, and I was thirsty, so I opened the bottle of cranberry juice right there. I accidentally spilt it over the bed and my clothes, then I walked into the bathroom,” Draco said, his hands playing with the hair on the back of Harry’s neck. He glanced at the table, there was indeed a bottle of opened juice there, he hadn’t noticed it earlier.

“And when I got out, you were panicking.”

“I thought you were kidnapped again,” Harry said, his voice quiet as Draco smiled. “I-I didn’t think…I just thought I’d lost you again.”

“My Alpha,” Draco said, and Harry felt like he was melting in his Omega’s voice. Draco smiled, leaning closer. “You’re not going to lose me, you never did.”

Harry looked into his eyes, and they both moved in for a kiss. Draco’s lips were warm, tasting like cranberries, and Harry could drown in it forever. It felt like home. He kissed his Omega softly, so he wouldn’t hurt him, slipping his tongue between Draco’s inviting lips. When his mate moaned softly, Harry held on to him tighter, walking back into the bed and sitting on the edge of it.

“Harry,” Draco purred, his hands roaming all over Harry’s back, and the Alpha felt his cock throbbing already. He rubbed his nose against Draco’s gland, scenting him carefully, nipping over his bonding mark and drawing a soft moan from his Omega. *“Oh, fuck, Harry!”*

Draco ground his hips against Harry’s crotch, and it took every fibre in the Alpha to pull away. *“Draco, we can’t.”*

“What do you mean? You’re hard, Harry,” his Omega cooed, pushing his nose at Harry’s pulse point.

“Draco,” he said, and Draco finally drew back, looking at him intently. “We can’t, you’re still recovering, and you’re pregnant.”

“*Oh,*” Draco said, glancing down at his belly, “are…are our pups

okay?”

“Yeah, our pups are fine and healthy,” Harry said, and Draco smiled, wrapping his arms around his Alpha’s neck. “We’ll have to refrain from sex for a while until you’re okay again.”

“Well, that’s a shame,” Draco said, purring against Harry’s ear, and the Alpha found it harder to resist. He could never keep his hands away from his beautiful Omega. “I really want your knot in me, *Alpha.”*

“Draco,” Harry breathed out, and Draco chuckled at him, delighted by the reaction Harry expressed at his teasing.

“Draco!”

They both looked at the door, Lucius and Narcissa were standing there. Lucius was even holding colourful balloons in his hands, and at the shock, he’d released it all, as the balloons floated up into the ceilings. Narcissa was there, a smile showing on her face and they both approached him. Everything was well again, and Harry's world was back, right in his arms.

*

“Oh, I can’t believe it,” Draco exclaimed, his hand placed on the little bump on Ron’s stomach, “we’re having pups at the same time.”

“What are the odds?” Ron said, beaming brightly. “We got boyfriends at the same time, and pups as well. That can’t be a coincidence. Unless…” He squinted his eyes, glancing at Harry and Blaise and gesturing with his hand. “Did you two plan to get us both knocked up?”

“Ron, we didn’t,” Harry said while Blaise simply shook his head. “It’s a surprise for us too.”

“Okay, because that’d be kind of scary,” Draco said, and Ron agreed with a small laugh.

“So, you’re getting out of St. Mungo’s today?”

“Yeah,” Draco said, intertwining his hand with Harry’s. He’d only stayed for two more days so the Healers could check on him. And he wanted to return to their home as fast as he could, nothing else would make him happier. “Harry has packed everything, every gift. Thank you two, for the squid, by the way, it’d be a fun time deciding where to put it.” Draco arched his eyebrow and Ron gave him a cheeky grin.

“Harry,” came the voice of Padma, and Harry turned around, receiving a parchment from her. “Draco can go home now.” She turned to Draco, smiling at him softly. “And you, you can rest until you decide to go back to work, it’s okay.”

“Thank you,” Draco said as she turned on her heels and walked away.

“It’s time?” asked Ron.

“Yeah,” Draco said, getting off his bed and gripping Harry’s arm. His Omega was still recovering, and it pained him to see his mate like that, he looked even more fragile than before. “Harry, what about Jamie?”

“Your parents are bringing him back to our place later,” Harry said, guiding his mate out of the private room as Blaise and Ron followed, helping them with their things. “He doesn’t know yet, your mother told him you went on a trip.”

“That’s one hell of a trip,” Ron said, and Draco chuckled at him.

“Indeed,” Draco said, nodding, “Especially when I got to stab Greyback twice and ruin his eye.”

“You did what?” Ron gasped, stepping forward to walk alongside Draco. “You actually stabbed him?”

“Yeah, of course. I stabbed him with a candle in his eye, and then a piece of broken glass in his neck, twice.”

“That’s impressive, Draco,” Blaise said, and Draco smiled, shrugging.

“I can’t help it, he was trying to assault me, and I can’t stand the thought of someone replacing Harry’s mark from my neck. I did what my Omegan instinct told me to.” Draco shivered a bit, as if he was remembering it again, and Harry kissed his temple softly, leading him out of St. Mungo’s and into the busy street.

“Okay, you *have* to tell us everything,” Ron said, nudging Draco and he smiled, nodding.

“Of course, I’m definitely going to brag about it when I’ve recovered fully, you know it.” They stood before the Apparition point, and Blaise and Ron stepped back, waving their hands at them.

“Be safe,” Blaise said, wrapping his arm around Ron’s stomach.

“We will,” Draco said, a smile stretched on his lips, “thank you.”

“See you at pub night when you’re strong again, you owe us one big round.”

“Bye, guys,” Draco said, chuckling and turning to Harry, glancing up at him. “Ready?”

“At your service, my love,” Harry said, and Draco flashed him a grin before they disappeared with a loud crack.

They arrived before the Grimmauld Place, and Harry opened the door in. The place had changed drastically, ever since Draco moved in and decided that the decoration was dreadful. Harry couldn’t deny it, and had agreed to renovate. He’d loved the result.

He led Draco inside, bags in his hands and placed them on the carpeted floor once they had got in the living room.

“Harry.”

“Yeah?”

“What happened with our window?” Harry stilled, looking at Draco, who had his back at him and was staring at the broken window.

“Funny story,” Harry said, scratching the back of his head as Draco turned around to look at him. “Well, okay, I was…I was frustrated, and…it was an accident.”

“An accident?”

“I…I accidentally threw our table at it.”

“You *accidentally threw* our table at the window?”

“I’m sorry,” Harry said, and Draco stepped forward, locking his arms around the Alpha’s neck. “I was…I missed you, and I was…I didn’t think much, I couldn’t think.”

“Oh, Harry,” Draco’s voice was soft and warm like himself. He leaned closer, pressing a kiss on Harry’s lips. “*My Alpha,* I love you.”

Harry’s purr came out unexpectedly, and he nuzzled his nose into Draco’s neck, inhaling in the deep, loving scent of his mate. He held his mate close by the hips, planting kisses along his collarbone. He wished to cherish Draco and take care of him, for all the things his mate had suffered in isolation, he had to make up for it.

“I love you,” he murmured, grazing his fangs against the spot he had bonded Draco, drawing a soft moan out of his mate. “I love you.” He nipped at the skin, pressing open-mouthed kisses and creating marks on his tender skin, just the way Draco loved it. “I love you, darling.”

“I know, Harry,” Draco said, sighing softly with joy, “You’re so good to me.”

Harry’s croon rumbled through his chest and escaped his throat, only to be swallowed by Draco’s kiss. He carded his hands through the Alpha’s hair, tugging at it and smiling when Harry growled softly at him, not unkindly. He kissed Draco deeper, their tongues entangled as he picked his mate up, walking until they settled on the couch. Harry slipped his hands under Draco’s shirt, and his Omega arched into his touch.

“Papa!”

Draco widened his eyes, kicking Harry away as the Alpha staggered back, losing balance and falling on his arse on the floor. His Omega sat up, smiling when their son hopped in the living room, with Lucius and Narcissa behind him.

“Harry, are you all right?”

“Totally,” Harry said, chuckling as he stood up

“Jamie! My sweetheart,” Draco said, smiling as Jamie jumped into his embrace. He kissed the top of Jamie’s blond hair, swinging him around until Jamie giggled. “Have you been behaving with your grandparents, Jamie?”

“Yes, papa!” Jamie said, smiling brightly at Draco as he played with his hair. “I’ve been really good, and grandpa bought brooms for me.”

“Father,” Draco said, turning to Lucius, who let out a shrug.

“Don’t blame me, I have the urge to spoil my grandchildren, Draco,” the Omega huffed, placing the three new brooms against the wall. “And now that you’re expecting twins, you better believe I’m going to spoil those two as well, son.”

“I think they believe you, Lucius,” Narcissa said, smiling softly. “Draco, Harry, if you need anything, don’t be hesitant and call us, we will be there.”

“*Bye, grandpa, grammy!”* Jamie jumped down from Draco’s grip and ran to his grandparents, hugging them one last time before running back to Harry and Draco’s spot.

“Thank you, father, mother,” Draco said, and they nodded at him before exiting the house. He glanced down at Jamie, who was staring up at him with his green eyes and tugging at the hem of his shirt. “What’s wrong, sweetheart?”

“Am I going to be a brother soon, papa?” Jamie asked, his voice barely a whisper, and Harry approached them, exchanging a smile with Draco before his mate answered. “Am I going to have two little brothers?”

“Or sisters,” he said, and Jamie’s eyes widened. “We don’t know yet, honey, but, yes, you will have two siblings soon. Would you like that?”

Jamie fiddled with the small red dragon in his hands and chewed on his lips. It took him a while before he looked up at them again and whispered, “Do you think he’ll love Mr. Charlie?”

Harry and Draco looked at each other, and the Alpha smiled, glancing at the stuffed dragon. “Sweetie, don’t worry, they’re not going to steal your dragon.”

“No, daddy, I’m not worried,” Jamie said, playing with the wings of the dragon and holding it up. “If my brothers or sisters love it, I’ll give Mr. Charlie to them. I think they’ll love Mr. Charlie.”

Draco’s lips formed into a pout, a smile followed then as he kissed Jamie’s forehead. “And they will love you too, Jamie.”

“I think I’ll love them too,” Jamie said, nodding softly and holding the dragon close to his chest. “Can I see him, papa?”

“Oh, sure, honey,” Draco said, settling down on the couch and placing Jamie’s little hand on his stomach. “They’re very small right now, but they’re growing, Jamie.”

“Were I in there once, papa?”

“Yes, you were, honey,” Draco said, chuckling as Jamie pressed his ear on his stomach, listening carefully. “And you always kicked very hard.”

“I’m sorry, papa,” Jamie said, leaning close to whisper to Draco’s

stomach. “Don’t hurt our papa like me, okay? I’m going to be the best brother ever. And I’ll love you two very, very much.” Jamie wrapped his arms around Draco’s middle and smiled, making both Harry and Draco’s hearts melt with just a small action. They knew he’d be a good older brother already, and they couldn’t wait to see that.

Chapter End Notes

Jamie is so cute I just can't deal with it.
Next chapter will be the last!

Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

Smut ensues

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“And that is how your daddy and I got married. The end,” Draco said, bending down to press a kiss on Jamie’s forehead. Harry smiled, following and placing another kiss on their son’s head. “Goodnight, darling.”

“Sweet dreams, honey.”

“Goodnight, papa, daddy,” Jamie mumbled with his eyes shut, hugging his dragon tightly to his chest as Harry pulled the blanket up to his shoulders. He walked after Draco, closing the door and murmuring an incantation, securing the room carefully.

Harry followed his mate, wrapping his arms around Draco’s middle from behind, leaning his chin on his Omega’s shoulder and Draco chuckled, humming softly. “You’re awfully clingy these days, Harry.” The Alpha crooned, burying his nose under his mate’s ear, sniffing his scent as they both returned to their bedroom.

“I really miss you,” he said, hearing a cute, small laugh from his mate. He could never have enough of Draco’s sweet voice. It fueled his energy immensely.

“Well, you’ll have to let me go, so I can put some cream on my skin, because Carrow was being a little bitch and his dungeon was revolting, and now my skin is not smooth like before.”

“I think your skin is still beautiful just like you.”

“Sweet talker,” Draco said, smiling and unhooking Harry’s arm from his stomach as the Alpha frowned. “Oh, come on, now, Harry, I’m right here. Actually, I have to go get the cream first, it’s in the bathroom.”

“I’ll get it,” Harry said, rushing out of the bedroom before Draco could react, and striding back into the room in under a minute. “Here you go.”

“Thank you, Alpha,” Draco said, a smile stretching on his lips as he settled down on his side of the bed. He untied his silk robes, revealing his short nightgown inside. Thin, lace, white gown covering his body, barely, and Harry swallowed, fighting back the urge to crawl over and fuck his mate raw.

It had only been a few days since Draco recovered fully, Harry still found his mate fragile for some reason, and they hadn’t done anything more than a few kisses and gropes every now and then. It was extremely difficult for him to resist Draco. His mate was like a sculpture, carved so beautifully that even just the sight of him breathing could make Harry’s cock hard and knot swell.

Draco applied the cream over his legs, rubbing them softly over his fair skin and leaning back on the headboard while Harry remained sitting on the edge of the bed. His Omega spread his legs apart, smearing the white cream on his inner thigh…and farther under his robe. Harry’s throat felt constricted, he was hard already, his pyjama tenting at the crotch and he covered it swiftly with his hands.

“Harry,” Draco said, and Harry looked up to see his Omega smiling at him, a gleam twinkled in his eyes. “Come here.” He tapped on the spot next to him, and the Alpha’s heart thumped harder.

“Okay,” he said, crawling up to his side of the bed and settling there, with his hands over his crotch. “Do you need anything, darling?”

“Well, can you apply the cream on my behind?”

“Your what?”

“My behind,” Draco said, pulling his gown up and Harry’s hand shot out to stop him from his movement. “My back, my waist, and, other places I can’t reach.”

“Me?” Harry laughed dryly as Draco placed the small box into the palm of the Alpha’s hand. He couldn’t guarantee he’d be able to hold himself back if he were to touch his mate…back there. And he was still so worried about Draco to do such things to him. “I-I’m not sure, maybe not, maybe tomorrow?” He gulped, putting the box on the table next to him.

“Harry, what’s going on?”

“What do you mean?”

“You *always* help me with it,” Draco said, and Harry turned to look at him. His mate was frowning, and he seemed upset. “And it’d always lead to sex, where you knot me good with your cock, but now you’re just freaking me out, Harry.” He placed his hand on Harry’s knee, leaning closer. “What’s on your mind? I am your husband and your mate, aren’t I, Harry?”

Harry gripped Draco's hand and exhaled an exasperated sigh. "I'm still worried about you, Draco."

"There's nothing to worry about, Harry. Padma examined me just yesterday, and I am healthy, our pups are healthy," Draco said, intertwining their hands together, "why are you not bending me over and fucking me senseless already?"

"I-…"

"Did you take Blaise's advice? Because as much as he'd like to warn everyone, Harry, we can still fuck when I'm pregnant. After all, we did do it plenty when we were expecting Jamie," Draco said, smiling when Harry huffed out a chuckle. "Poor Ron, he's trying so hard to seduce Blaise right now, the man just won't cave in that easily." He rubbed his thumb over Harry's hand and sighed. "Harry, don't think that I haven't noticed how you always locked our house and Jamie's room every night with magic, and you cling to me way more than before. Why, Harry?"

"I-…" he said, trying to find the right words to say. "When you were… when you were kidnapped, I was worried to death. I couldn't think straight, I couldn't sleep, I couldn't…it's like I could not function properly without you. You're always on my mind, Draco, and I just…I was so scared that I'd lose you. I've never been that terrified in my life before, not even when I faced Voldemort."

He cupped Draco's hands fully, bringing them up to his lips and kissing each knuckle on his mate's hands. "I still see you in my arms that moment, you were soaked with blood, and you weren't looking at me anymore. And I thought my whole life had been taken away from me, that you have gone, and I wasn't sure how to live without you. I can't imagine that day." He pressed his nose on Draco's wrist, kissing him there. "And I-I never want it to happen again. You're…you're so precious to me, darling, and I can't let anything happen to you. I'm not going to let anyone harm you, not again, never again."

“*Harry,”* Draco whispered, and Harry met his mate’s gaze. He pulled his hand away only to cup the Alpha’s face instead. “I understand your worries, but it’s not going to happen again, right? The Carrows are gone, thanks to Hermione and her place in the Ministry. Greyback is dead, and the news are all over the Daily Prophet, everyone knows what you’re capable of. So, anyone who has even the slightest intention of snatching me away from you again will be utterly terrified of you to do it, love.” His plump lips pressed against Harry’s cheek tenderly. “And the sight of you stirred me up, Harry.”

“Draco.”

“You were so strong,” Draco whispered against his ear, “your eyes were shining, your fangs were out. I’ve never seen you so out of control.” Harry’s breath hitched as Draco sucked a mark on his neck. “Thinking about it makes me aroused, Harry. You were…*powerful.”* He kissed along Harry’s jawline, and the Alpha closed his eyes, trying to calm himself down. His mate was still weak, his mate was pregnant, he shouldn’t. “I think I love you even more like that, *Alpha.”*

“Merlin’s fuck, Draco,” Harry grunted, covering his mouth with his hand as he leaned back the headboard. “You’re pregnant, I can’t.”

“Well, if you say so,” Draco said, his lips jutting out as he shrugged. “It’s such a shame though. After that whole week in the nasty dungeon, and two weeks in a coma, almost a week recovering, with you staying on second base only, it’s the longest time I’ve ever gone without your knot.” Harry knew Draco was just riling him up, and it was working. It always worked. “What a nightmare it would be, if I forgot how your knot feels inside my hole.”

Harry’s growl rumbled in his chest, and he held back the noise. Draco glanced at him, pursing his lips before crawling across the Alpha’s lap, reaching for the cream. “I guess I’ll just do it myself then.”

Harry tipped his head back, clearing his throat when the sight of Draco's arse was shoved in his face as his Omega tried to grab the small box. "Fuck, I almost forgot how tempting your arse is," he muttered, knowing Draco was smiling already. "Draco, love, you got the cream yet?" he asked, his voice strained with the urge to jump on his mate.

He turned to look at Draco, who casually smacked the box from the table, watching as the box of cream fell, creating a loud thud and rolling on the floor. *"Oh, clumsy me,"* Draco cooed, pressing his middle on Harry's crotch entirely to reach down and grab the box from the floor. His nightgown was rolled up abruptly, teasing Harry with just a bit of his Omega's skin, his inner thigh, and some of his beautiful globes.

Harry's fangs showed, and he almost bit on his own lips when he noticed that Draco was wearing a white thong underneath. He shuddered, keeping his hands on his sides. Someone should fucking give him a medal for holding back right now.

"Got it," Draco said, finally retreating back to his spot on his side of the bed. He grinned at Harry before stripping his nightgown off, tossing it to the floor under Harry's surprised gaze.

"Draco…what are you doing?"

"I can do it better this way," Draco said, turning on his knees and propping himself up with one hand, his other hand scooping the cream out of the box. His full arse was on display, right before Harry's eyes, and he was even wiggling it a bit, Harry was sure he saw that.

"*Hmm*," he hummed, his mate's voice coming out as a half moan as he

spread the cream over his skin. His finger brushed against the thin string of his thong, and Harry's mouth went dry. That was it for the Alpha.

Harry grabbed at Draco's wrist, stopping him from his movement as his mate turned his head around, smiling ear to ear. "Give up already, Alpha?" He sent a wink at Harry, and the Alpha growled low.

"I'll do it," he said, and Draco's smile became wider as he changed his position, lying flat on the bed on his stomach.

"Well, then do me well, my love," Draco purred, and Harry straddled his legs, looking at his Omega's body from underneath him. He could just eat Draco right up. "Touch me all you want, *Alpha."*

He applied the cream on Draco's arse, rubbing his hands over the delicate skin carefully. His Omega's arse was bubbly and soft, hard not to squeeze. He spread his globes apart, his eyes glued on the tight, pink pucker under the string as slick started seeping out, drenching the thong. Draco was extremely aroused just from his first touch.

"Already so wet for me, baby?" he asked, a purr at the back of his throat as his Omega let out a delighted moan. He teased around the perineum, feeling Draco's tremble under his touch.

"Please, Harry," Draco said, pushing back against Harry's hands. *"I need you so bad."*

Harry didn't think twice, his instinct kicked in and he was there to take care of his Omega. He pushed his thumb slowly inside the entrance, and Draco keened loudly when it slipped in easily. *"Oh, gods, please, Harry."* He gripped on the white sheets and Harry pushed the finger in deeper, past a knuckle, drawing more moans out of his

mate. *“More, more, Harry.”*

Draco’s scent was much sweeter when he was pregnant, and Harry couldn’t help but inhale it all in as though he was going to die without it. His hands were focused on kneading his Omega’s arse apart, massaging it at the same time. His mate’s soft sounds kept emitting from his throat as Harry’s hands pushed deeper past his rim. He teased his inner walls, brushing the pad of his thumb just slightly against Draco’s prostate, and it lured out a wail from his mate.

“Look at you,” Harry murmured, pushing the second finger inside his entrance. The slick didn’t stop oozing out as Draco became more aroused every second. The urge to taste his mate was overwhelming the Alpha. “Do you have any clue what you do to me, darling?” He pulled out his fingers abruptly, and his mate cried out.

Harry rolled Draco over, pulling his legs up and draping them over his shoulders, lifting his Omega’s lean body half off the bed. “Beautiful, perfect Omega,” Harry droned, pressing open-mouthed kisses over Draco’s quivering inner thigh. He grazed his fangs over the tender skin, knowing just how much it stirred his mate up.

“Please, Harry,” Draco keened, locking his legs around Harry’s neck, a silent ‘yes’.

“Mine,” Harry growled low, sinking his fangs into Draco’s inner thigh. His teeth pierced through the skin, and Draco mewled with pleasure, his back arching off the bed. He had always loved marking his mate up, showing everyone just how much he loved his Omega, *his only*.

“Oh, fuck, yes,” Draco whimpered as Harry licked over the bite mark, closing the wound. *“Yours, Harry, yours.”* He clawed at the sheets and Harry lifted his body up further, his tongue finding where the slick was leaking out.

His Omega tasted heavenly, sweet, rich with a caramel flavour, like cotton candy, as it just happened to be Draco's favourites as well. Harry licked flat against the wet entrance once more, lapping around the rim as it fluttered before him.

"Harry," Draco pleaded, pushing against Harry's tongue and angling him in. The Alpha smirked, hands gripping tightly around his Omega's slim waist before diving his tongue in. Draco howled, loud and free as pleasure crashed through him. Harry tasted it all, he tasted Draco, and his cock strained under his pyjama.

Draco pulled at the sheets, slick dropping to their bed as Harry continued plunging his tongue inside, swirling around, sucking it all in, and he could not get enough. He wrapped his free hand around Draco's leaking cock and began stroking leisurely.

"Please, Alpha-Alpha," Draco whined, bucking into Harry's grip as he fastened his pace. *"I-I'm-…"* Draco whimpered, hips arching as his own fluids were shot out. He went limp in Harry's arms as he let his mate down on the bed again.

Harry crawled up to him, his body hovering above Draco, who was still panting. He bent lower, capturing Draco's lips in a kiss. His Omega hummed, seemingly tasting his own flavour as their tongues entangled. He gasped when Harry slid two fingers back inside his hole, breaking the kiss.

"You think we're done?" he asked, and Draco let out a chuckle, his brow lifted, and he shook his head.

"I know you better than that, love," his Omega answered, cupping the Alpha's face with his warm hands, "You're insatiable."

“How can I not? Have you seen my mate?” he said, and his mate flashed a smile, a rosy colour painted his cheeks. “He’s intelligent, wonderful.” Harry snuggled his nose against the scent gland on Draco’s neck again, kissing the mark softly. “Gorgeous,” he murmured, pressing kisses down Draco’s sternum, “and all mine.” He closed his mouth around Draco’s nipple while adding the third finger in, eliciting a pleased moan from his mate.

“I want your knot,” he rasped, tugging at Harry’s hair yet instead of hauling him away, he pushed his Alpha’s head closer to him. *“I want-I want your knot, Alpha-please,”* he wailed as Harry grazed his fangs over the sensitive bud. *“Now, now! Please!”*

Harry was never one to disobey his mate, and he drew his fingers back, still tugging a whine out of Draco when he pulled away. Ignoring every logical thing he had been thinking about, Harry ripped his pyjama apart under his mate’s plea, wanting to please him right away.

“Fuck, I love it when you’re like this,” Draco murmured as Harry crouched down again, kissing him in a feverish manner. His knot was already half forming as he nudged the head into Draco’s slicked hole. *“My wild Alpha.”* He grinned, showing his small fangs as he bit on Harry’s lower lip, pulling at it teasingly. *“Fuck me, knot me, breed me again, Alpha.”*

“My Omega,” Harry grunted, burying himself to the hilt as Draco keened, locking his limbs around his Alpha’s body and nuzzling in the crook of his neck, scenting him. *“You’re sucking me in so well, baby.”*

“Harry, please,” Draco moaned, his hole wrapped perfectly around Harry’s cock, engulfing him in the warmth of his body from inside and outside. They were flushed together, their skins felt as if they were on fire. Harry shoved his cock deep inside his mate, each thrust sent a

wave of bliss through both of them.

The Alpha canted his hips, angling his cock just right, hitting Draco's prostate with rough thrusts. He let out a guttural groan, sucking on Draco's pulse point on his neck while his fingers played with the Omega's nipple. His mate had resorted to moaning incoherently, his words caught in his throat and only wordless sounds were emitted from his enchanting lips.

Draco pulled him up by his hair, and Harry met his gaze. His eyes were glazed with lust, heavy and dark as opposed to his face flushed with heat. He tipped his head forward, tempting Harry with a kiss and leaning away when the Alpha bent down. The rumbles vibrated through his chest and came out as a throaty groan.

His Omega smiled in a naughty way, sliding his hand over Harry's jawline until he caught him by his wrist. Harry sunk his teeth down on Draco's wrist, earning a tranced moan from his mate. He thrusted faster, ramming in as Draco's head was thrown back, his mouth dropped open in ecstasy, his lips swollen from their kisses.

"You love having my marks on you, darling?" Harry asked, his lips closed to his Omega's ear as Draco nodded frantically. *"You want to show them who you belong to?"* Another nod, and Harry nibbled on Draco's lobe with a hushed growl.

"Answer me, Omega."

"Yes-yes, Alpha!" Draco whimpered, and Harry's lips stretched into a grin as he licked a stripe down his mate's exposed neck. *"I want your marks, I want your cock, your knot, Alpha."*

"Who do you belong to?"

“You, you,” Draco murmured as Harry slowed his pace, but every thrust was a shove at his abused and sensitive nerves. His mate’s legs quivered around him, and Harry could feel through their bond that Draco was close already. *“I belong to you, Alpha,”* his voice was throaty as he ghosted his breath over Harry’s lips. *“Knot me, Harry, mark me, claim me again.”*

Draco’s voice was sweet in his ears, and his scent was heady, filling Harry’s senses and making the blood rush right to his cock. His knot was already swelling around the base, as he rolled his hips and slammed in with a few more thrusts, his Omega writhing wantonly underneath him.

He parted his lips, nosing at his mate’s neck, at the place where Draco’s scent was the strongest, and he bared his teeth, plunging and ripping through the skin. Draco cried out, his body rocking as cum spurted out of him, painting his stomach beautifully again. Harry marked him the third time, groaning as he gave one last thrust inside his mate, releasing warm fluids as the knot grew, locking them tight together.

Harry lapped over the mark in a careful way, pressing a kiss atop the skin as he intertwined their hands together. Draco had turned into a boneless heap while the Alpha pampered him with more kisses on his neck. He tipped his head up, looking at his mate’s state before placing a kiss on the corner of his lips.

“Kiss me properly, Harry,” Draco said softly, and the Alpha chuckled, “don’t make me beg, *Alpha.”* He gazed at Harry, his flashes fluttering, and Harry found him irresistible. He dropped his head forward, kissing Draco again, just like how his mate desired. *“Alpha,”* Draco murmured between their kiss as he squeezed tight on their intertwined hands, *“so good to me.”*

Harry's growl was husky, as he gave a playful thrust, pushing his knot deeper inside Draco. His mate cried out, his manners gone docile instantly. "Be careful there, Harry, or you might give me another pup."

"Fuck," Harry said, chuckling, "I rather think it's exciting, we'd be having triplets then."

"With your sexual libido, and Padma's permission to fuck, I think that's highly possible, Harry." He smiled, not flinching even in the slightest when Harry hoisted him up in one swift move and repositioned them on the bed.

He picked the blanket that Draco had kicked down on the floor up and draped it over them. Their legs tangled as Harry held his mate close, until their skins touched again. Draco snuggled up into his neck, breathing in the Alpha's scent and sighing with delight.

"I'm not going to let you slip away from me ever again," Harry said, carding his hands into Draco's long blond hair that smelled just like his scent. "I will protect you, no matter what."

"I know, love," he said, looking up at Harry and smiling, "You're not going to lose me again. I'll be right here, with you, with Jamie, and with our pups, right here, Harry." He nuzzled the tip of his nose against Harry's and kissed his lips tenderly.

"Even…even if it were to happen again, Harry," Draco murmured, his finger teasing Harry's jawline, "I know you would find me, you always do. And, I think I'm fairly good at stabbing people, right?" Harry laughed, his chest warmed with his mate's comfort, steadying him with soothing words. "Trust me, love, all right?"

“Okay,” Harry said, nodding as he smiled, stealing another quick kiss from his mate. “I love you.” He planted a kiss on his Omega’s forehead, adding, “I love you, so much.” He pulled his mate even closer, if there was any space left between them. He kissed Draco again, slow and languid, savouring every second of their kiss. “I love you. There’s nothing I wouldn’t do for you, Draco.”

“I love you, Harry,” Draco said, lips ghosting his, “death couldn’t do us part.” He smiled, it was radiating and warm, embracing Harry with tenderness. And the Alpha’s heart melted with adoration for his mate. Harry loved Draco madly, falling for his Omega more and more every day. They were, after all, true mates for life.

The End

Chapter End Notes

I'm working on the prequel and sequel at the moment, and a few short stories featuring other couples in this storyline. Stay tuned!

End Notes

Kudos and lovely comments fuel me with motivation and love!
Hope you like it!

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!